Frontispiece to Vol. 32.

Published by John Wheble, Warwick Square London.
1808.

Serfoji Rajah 1817

Twelfth of the Improv'd Work.

THE Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

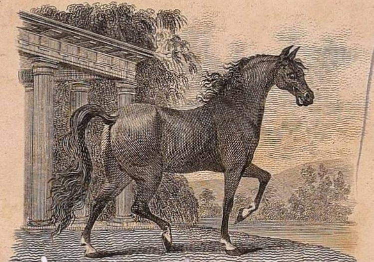
And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 32.

1384



London,

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1808

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

APRIL, 1808.

CONTAINING

Richard, late Earl Grosvenor.... *Page* 3
Game Licenses.................... 3
Bettings at Tattersall's 4
Hunting Season Concluded 5
Northern Coursing................ 6
Disputes between Gentlemen, on Points of Honour, &c. &c. 7
Intended Duel Prevented......... 7
The King *v.* Faden.............. 7
Sporting Anecdotes of Colonel John Mordaunt.................... 9
Remarks on the Trespass Causes tried at the Horsham Assizes 13
The World, a new Comedy 14
Bonifacio and Bridgetina—a Dramatic Satire 16
Trial for a Murder in a Duel........ 17
The Two Barons, Duben and Wrede.. 21
Alphabetical List of Stallions to Cover in 1808 22
Successful Treatment of Blindness in a Mare 24
Gaming—Mazzinghi *v.* Stephenson.. 26
A German Winter Amusement...... 26
Winners of the Derby and Oaks' Stakes 27
Remarkable Inscription 28
The Amusements of Paris described.. 29
Old Women and Girls 29
A Flea Drawing an Elephant...... 30
Two Fleas fighting a Duel........ 30
Mechanical Horses.............. 31
Boxing, between Belcher and Dogherty ....*Page* 33
The Philosophical Gamester 37
Pedigree and Performances of Ditto .. 37
FEAST OF WIT 39
The Ghost.................... 40
The Puff Military 41
Clerical Arithmetic.............. 42
The Constable Hoaxed 42
Caractacus, a new Pantomime...... 43
Eleanor......................... 43
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE 44
Norbrook Races 44
Malton Fair.................... 45
Boxing 45
Pigeon Shooting................ 45
Rowing Match against Time 46
Lesson to Poachers and Buyers of Game........................ 46
Extraordinary Walking 47
Burton-Hunt Races.............. 48
Death of an old Sportsman 49
Method of discovering Canine Madness 50

POETRY.

Epilogue to the Comedy of the World 51
Song sung by Mr. Munden 52
Bull-baiting..................... 52

RACING CALENDAR 1

Embellished with—I, An elegant Engraving of Richard, late Earl Grosvenor.
II, Portrait of Eleanor, bred by Sir Charles Bunbury.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Article on "The Harmonious Change of Ringing Contested," has been received, but must stand over until next month, when it shall certainly appear.

An account of the Irish Stallions will be given in our next Number.

ERRATUM.

General Whitelocke's Father was JOHN *Whitelocke, Esq. not* BULSTRODE, *as in our last Magazine.*

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Sir Josh.ª Reynolds pinx.ᵗ H.R. Cook sculp.ᵗ

RICHARD, late EARL GROSVENOR.

Published May 1.ˢᵗ 1808, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL, 1808.

RICHARD,

LATE EARL GROSVENOR.

An Engraving by H. R. Cook, from an Original Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"THE late Earl Grosvenor," if the Engraver had so thought proper, might as well have been called "Richard the first Earl Grosvenor," as the progressive honours of the peerage were wholly conferred on him. His Lordship's father was Sir Robert Grosvenor, of Eaton, in the County Palatine of Chester, Bart. born May 7, 1695, and had two sons and four daughters; the eldest of the two sons, Sir Richard Grosvenor, Bart. the subject of our present copper-plate, was born June 18, 1731; created Baron Grosvenor, of Eaton, in the County Palatine of Chester, April 8, 1761; Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor, July 5, 1784.—His Lordship died in 1802, and was succeeded by his only son, Robert, now Earl Grosvenor. Wishing to extend our biography no further than to what relates to sporting, we shall only refer our readers to the SPORTING MAGAZINE for the months of January and February last, in which will be found a short account of his Lordship's high character on the turf, and with it what has cost a valuable correspondent many tedious hours, accurately to compile and arrange, A LIST OF HIS LORDSHIP'S STUD.

GAME LICENCES.

IN the House of Commons on the 2d instant, the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice, of his intention to have the game certificate duty collected with the assessed taxes, and that woodcocks, snipes, &c. would, as far as related to the licence, be considered as game.

On the report of the committee being brought up on a subsequent day, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, it was not only his wish that shooting woodcocks and snipes, but likewise rabbits, out of warrens, should be subject to the game laws. Mr. Calcraft asked if sparrows and blackbirds were to come under the act, or whether persons were permitted to shoot at all, without paying for a licence? As the money for the licences is to be collected with the assessed taxes, an additional 10 per cent will of course be added to the former duty. Some little discussion has taken place on the subject in

Parliament;

Parliament; and the public prints have not been sparing in animadversion thereon—as witness the following:—

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR—The extension of the Game Laws to Snipes and Woodcocks, considered as a measure of Finance, is by no means of material importance; but, upon reflexion, it will be found to extend the sphere of those laws, already tyrannical, vexatious, and oppressive in the extreme; and it can be considered in no other view than as a further stride upon our natural privileges, and a curtailment, by the hand of power, of the small remains of rural amusement left amongst us.

That any animal, or bird, *terræ naturæ*, should be reserved solely for the great, luxrious, and powerful, is contrary to my ideas of equity and justice; and though the Game Laws originated at an early period, were enforced by the sword and mandates of the conqueror, and sanctioned by the acts of succeeding obsequious Legislators, it cannot be inferred from hence that they are just, equitable, and worthy to be extended by an enlightened Legislature. Such a measure can only be viewed with disgust and detestation by every liberal mind: a penalty may, at some more remote period, attach to shooting a moor-hen, or the sparrow; and the badger, the fox, and the weasel, may have their rotation on the proscribed list for curtailing the recreation of Englishmen.

Our continental neighbours, we are constantly told, are in the most disgraceful vassalage; this I believe; but the revolution banished Game Laws from their code, and we have not heard they are revived by Napoleon, who probably has been too much taken up in the pursuit of Royal Game, to attend to hares and partridges; the former are now somewhat diminished; and an importation of Royal Tigers from Bengal, for his amusement, may, very likely, soon claim his attention; how far snipes and woodcocks will be advanced in his system, time can only determine.

For my own part, I am no sportsman; but I must confess when I see every proposition of Ministers, however encroaching, acceded to, I am at a loss to conceive where it will end; privation of money, of amusement, and of every thing valuable among us, to feed army agents, government contractors, and loan jobbers; whilst reversions, to support the dignified splendour of Noble Lords and Princes, graced with every *public, social,* and *domestic* virtue, constitute the basis of the prosperity of Britain; and certainly, if the luxury of these men prove the happiness of a state, Britain must be envied; but true it is, the Romans were luxurious, and their Governors rapacious and oppressive, in the reign of Nero; and those evils, combined with profligate soldiers, who, we are told, are our best defenders, proved the ruin of that extensive Empire.

CRITO.

April 12, 1808.

BETTINGS FOR THE DERBY AND OAKS', &c.

THE following is a statement of the bettings at Tattersall's, the 25th instant:—

FOR THE DERBY.

9 to 2 agst Rubens
6 to 1 agst Chester

6 to

6 to 1 agst Trafalgar
8 to 1 agst Lord Stawell's colt, out of David's dam
8 and 9 to 1 agst Mr. Ladbroke's Tristram
11 and 12 to 1 agst Clinker
100 to 7 agst Colonel Childers's colt
100 to 7 agst Weaver
100 to 7 agst Vandyke
8½ to 1 agst a sealed up horse, the seal to be opened on Monday before the race.
And 1000 to 1 agst a sealed up one, barring all the favourites; the seal to be opened the 3d of May.

Bets to a large amount offered, that Buckle, Chifney, or Arnold, rides the winner.

OAKS' STAKES.

7 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton's Hornby-Lass filly
7 to 1 agst all Lord Egremont's fillies
8 to 1 agst Sir Charles Bunbury's
8 to 1 agst Mr Goodisson's
10 to 1 agst Gooseander
10 to 1 agst Anna
10 to 1 agst the Alexina filly.

CLARET STAKES.

6 to 4 agst Giles Scroggins
7 to 4 agst Eaton
4 and 5 to 1 against any other.

HUNTING SEASON CONCLUDED.

LORD Derby's Stag-hounds are, we understand, gone back from the Oaks to Lancashire: they have had many good runs during the season, and his Lordship not unfrequently one of the field.

The King's Hounds, though in equally good condition, have not been quite so celebrated, or so well attended, as when his Majesty joined in the chase. The Marquis Cornwallis, in his official capacity, and the Duke of Cumberland, have been partakers in several long and severe runs lately, and when but few horsemen were to be seen, at the taking of the deer.

The Duke of Rutland's hounds have shewn more sport this year than any other. His Grace keeps three packs: they are hunted by Shaw, who is supposed to be the first huntsman in the kingdom; and seldom have a run of less than an hour and a half, or two hours. The beginning of this month, they found at Stonesby Gorse, and, after a most severe run of three hours and a half over the best part of Leicestershire, killed their fox.—The field consisted of at least three hundred people, of whom only three were in; viz. Mr. Cholmley, Mr. Manners, and Mr. Wardell.

The inhabitants of Granby-Street, Leicester, were, on Saturday the 9th, agreeably surprised with the termination of a Fox-chase. The Quorn Hounds about two o'clock found a fox at Stewart's Hay, from whence he broke in gallant style for Martinshaw, Enderby, Aylestone Gorse, and ultimately came over the South fields, crossed the Dew walk, and after a run of three hours, (the last 7 miles without a check) took refuge under a shed in the woodyard of Mr. Harrison, with the hounds close at his brush; Mr. Ashton Smith, *as usual* at the tail of his hounds, succeeded after much trouble in dragging Reynard from his hiding place, and after pocketing his brush, gave him up to his pursuers. Being the only *red coat* present, he took charge of the pack, and so ably headed them, to

to kennel, as he had gallantly followed them during the chase.

Of the North Country Hounds, we find the following recorded in the York Herald, of the 23d inst. by way of a winding up for the season.—The Fox Hounds of Lord Darlington, in the best country in England, have much distinguished themselves. Their fire and spirit in drawing a cover, seem acknowledged as pre-eminent.

The hunting of the Confederate Hounds of Mr. Watt and Sir M. Masterman Sykes, is alike the subject of praise. No Hounds kill so constantly, or afford the Rider so many opportunities of distinguishing himself: their country is not so favourable as that of Lord Darlington.

Mr. L. Fox's Hounds are very good, and deservedly well reported by every Sportsman that has followed them; and his kind attention in often throwing off in the neighbourhood of York, has given much satisfaction to the resident gentlemen.

Mr. Osbaldeston's Hare Hounds, (hunted by himself,) have afforded uncommon sport.

And Colonel Thornton's Lap-Dog Beagles, during the latter end of the Scarborough season, produced much amusement in that neighbourhood.

The Easingwold Hounds have in their country been well followed, and the York Subscription Hounds have, under the care and conduct of their old and steady master, John Yeoman the Huntsman, given much dashing sport to the gentlemen of York and the neighbourhood.

Amongst the most distinguished riders which have come to our knowledge through the season will be found—

In Lord Darlington's Hunt,—Sir T. Pilkington, Sir F. Boynton, Sir E. Smith, Messrs. Hawke, Mellish, Treacher, Frankland, Parker, Wentworth, Waiuman, Bell, Livesy, Stourton, Silvertop, A. Hawksworth, Shepherd, Scott, Armstrong, Waring, Batty, Oliver, &c. &c.—and Lord Darlington, who is always with his Hounds, and for whom no day is ever too long.

In the Confederate Hunt,—a number of the above gentlemen; also Messrs W. Legard, Sykes, Best, Osbaldeston, Lascelles, Hill, Sconswar, Scatchard, Foord, &c. &c.—and a number of those gentlemen farmers who "dashed" through the ditches of half the country, in order to prepare themselves for the last Farmer's Stakes at Malton.

In Mr. Fox's Hunt,—also a number of the above distinguished riders; likewise Messrs. Jadis, Sotheron, Clough, Gascoigne, &c. &c.

NORTHERN COURSING.

This diversion, through the whole winter, has been much impeded, particularly on the Wolds, by unceasing snow-storms, from the beginning of November. Judging from the Malton Meeting, the blood of Snowball seems to hold its former pre-eminence. The real Derbyshire breed, derived from Mr. Mundy, if it does not absolutely hold the first place, unquestionably possesses the second; and are the only greyhounds, bred in an inclosed country, who have been able to stand the severe test of a perfectly open one, and courses of three or four miles continuance.

DISPUTES

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

WE lament the want of room for an article, intended to appear under this head; viz. remarks on the trial of the cause between General Gwynne and Colonel Watson—*see page 297, last month.*—This article shall appear in our next Magazine.

INTENDED DUELS PREVENTED.

EARL Fitzwilliam and Major Bower were about to fight a duel on Doncaster Race Course, this month, in consequence of an assertion of the Major's at the last Malton Election, that his Lordship had *trafficked* (*i. e.* sold) a seat for the Borough of Malton. On explanation it proved to be unfounded, and was so acknowledged by Major Bower.

Some harsh language having passed in the streets of Portsmouth, between Captain Manby, of his Majesty's ship Thalia, and Captain G——, of the Royal Marines, they met on South-Sea Common lately; but while settling the distance, the Hon. Captain Boyle came with an order from Admiral Montagu, to put Captain Manby under arrest—since which, Captain Manby sent the following *dictatorial* letter to the Printer of a Newspaper that had mentioned the misunderstanding in his publication:—

His Majesty's Ship Thalia, Portsmouth, April 16, 1808.

SIR—A gross statement having appeared in your paper of yesterday's date, respecting a conversation which you represent to have passed between a Captain G. of the Royal Marines and myself, and that he, Captain G. should say—I was a liar—I call on you to contradict this assertion, as it did not allude to me. The term was used in the conversation, as having been made to a third person, an Officer of high rank, whose name I am not at liberty now to mention. The whole circumstance is of such a nature, I did not expect remarks to be made on it in a public paper, and desire no further observations may appear, as the whole proceedings must be laid before the public.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, THOMAS MANBY.

P. S. The statement of the above circumstance has been laid before the Admiralty, by me,

GEO. MONTAGU, Admiral.

THE KING *v.* FADEN.

WE shall not close our observations under this head, without adverting to the trial of John Faden, Adjutant of Marines, as inserted in our Magazine for last month, page 313. The charge against the prisoner was for an assault, and committing a rape, on Elizabeth Stapleford, in the Marine Barracks, at Portsmouth, and of which he was acquitted.

That the conduct of the Jury, in pronouncing the prisoner *Not Guilty*, was very proper, no one will deny; but we are not inclined to think so favourably of Mr. Faden, who availed himself of the power to commit an outrage, and had not afterwards the humanity to qualify it with the common feelings of a man.

This poor girl, though not abused in the way which the law requires to constitute the crime charged, is by this hero of Marines, this despoiler of female innocence, first ruined by partial violence, and afterwards

terwards abandoned to disgrace and infamy. Thus exposed, with the loss of character, she is urged by agonising torture and resentment to seek for justice: more happy, however, may she now feel herself that she has failed in her purpose. The man that has wronged her lives—and he lives in the opinion of the world less favoured than his unfortunate victim.

The arguments and sophistry of the Counsel for the prisoner, and the reasoning of Serjeant Marshall, who sat as Judge on the trial, are scarcely deserving of notice. Burroughs, the prisoner's Counsel, would insinuate, that a woman could not be virtuous who expressed her love of a man; and Marshall talked of two sorts of honour in the world—we know but of one. He likewise observed, that the prosecutrix should have considered the *difference of situation* between her and the prisoner—Mighty difference, truly, between the *exalted character* of an Adjutant of Marines, whose warrant or commission costs nothing, and a virtuous young woman, decently brought up, and perhaps of as good a family as that of Mr. Faden!—Suppose any one had treated a sister of Faden's (if he has one) in the way that Faden treated the unfortunate girl, Miss Stapleford—what would have been the feelings he would have indulged on such an occasion?

QUI-TAM ATTORNEY.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEB. 8.

The King v. *Rushworth.*

THE defendant having been reported in contempt by the Master, for giving evasive answers to certain interrogatories put to him, was brought up for judgment.—It appeared that he had been in the habit of bringing *qui-tam* actions upon the game laws, in the names of two of his labourers, and while they appeared upon the records of the Court, he was himself the substantial plaintiff, and took all the benefits of costs, &c. to himself; but when the adverse party obtained a verdict, he had only a beggar to look to for the expence he had been wantonly put to.—The Attorney General, Mr. Topham, and Mr Scarlet, addressed the Court in mitigation.

Mr. Garrow spoke in support of the prosecution.—He said the defendant was a wholesale dealer in *qui-tam* actions, and used the names of beggars to harrass and perplex his neighbours. A greater scourge, he said could not exist in society; and he thought the defendant's conduct merited their Lordships' severest animadversion. If, on the contrary, he was suffered to go unpunished, it would be encouraging a *breed* of Attornies, whose only end was to harrass and oppress the King's subjects.

The Court observed, that the defendant's conduct was extremely disgraceful, and it might be fit that he should no longer continue on the rolls of that Court; but as there was no specific charge urged against him, which by indictment he could have been found guilty upon, it would be mercy to give him an opportunity of redeeming his character; the opinion of the Court therefore, was, that he should be suspended for twelve months from practising, and if he did not then conduct himself more honourably, it would be a question with the Court, whether or not its Rolls should not be relieved altogether from his name.

SPORTING ANECDOTES OF THE LATE COL. J. MORDAUNT,

Of the Honourable East-India Company's Madras Establishment.

HE was a natural son of the late Earl of Peterborough, and, together with an elder brother by the same mother, was at an early age put out to nurse. Harry, the eldest, was a pining, spiritless starvling; while John, the subject of this memoir, was active, lively, and of an uncommonly fine form. He was more of the Apollo Belvidere, though more rigid in muscle, than any other person I ever saw.

John was too wild to learn much; his whole time was devoted to truancy; and, as he often said, "one half of his days were spent in being flogged for the other half." Hence he was in no danger of a professorship, if we except those arts in which the celebrated Breslaw, Jones, &c. took their degrees! In such, John was completely at home, and they were certainly of some use to him, as will be hereafter seen.

When John was taken from school, he was about as learned as when he first was sent there; however, when this was ascertained, and a quarrel was commenced on the occasion, he very handsomely stept forth to exculpate his master; whose attention he declared to be unparalleled, and, slipping off his clothes, exhibited the earnestness of the good man's endeavours; humorously observing, that "as nothing could be got into his brains, his master had done his best to impress his instructions on the opposite seat of learning."

At the time that John was to pass muster before the India directors he was out of the way, and it was nearly too late, when he was found at marbles in Dean's yard. No time was lost in coaching him up to Leadenhall-street, where, being bent more on his pastime than on the grave questions put by his examiners, he was near being rejected as an idiot; when one of the quorum, who knew the youth's trim well, and who probably wished to see John appointed, asked him if he understood cribbage? John's soul was instantly roused, his eyes glistened, and regardless of every matter relative to his appointment, he pulled out a pack of cards, so greasy as scarcely to be distinguished, and offered "to play the gentleman *for any sum he chose!*"

The youth now felt himself at home, and speedily convinced them that, however ignorant he might be of the classics, he was a match for any of them at cards! He was passed, and dispatched to Portsmouth, where he was to embark in an India ship ready to sail with the first fair wind; but as that was not to be had for some days, the person who had charge of him put him on board, and returned to town.

John's gaiety of disposition soon made him the fiddle of the crew; all on board loved him. He was elegant in his make, graceful in his movements, (though he never could be made to walk a minuet by his dancing-master,) of a very animated countenance, strongly marked with good nature, spirit, and dignity; his features were regular and handsome, his eyes keen and commanding, and, on the whole, we may say he was such as is rarely seen!

He could not bear to mope about the ship, whilst waiting for a wind, but frequently lent a pull in the boats, which occasionally were sent for provisions, &c.

One day, however, John strayed into the town, and got into company with some girls, who soon eased him, not only of his money, but of his buckles, handkerchief, and every thing that could possibly be dispensed with. At this unlucky moment, the wind being fair, the signal was made for sailing, and the boat's crew were compelled, after a short but active search, to put off, with heavy hearts, thinking they had seen the last of their favourite.

John came down to the beach too late! The boat was just arriving at the ship, which was lying to for her, and sailed immediately from the Motherbank. What was to be done? He had no money, and not a soul would put off on such a trip without being previously well paid! The matter was to all appearance come to the worst, when seeing two watermen at cards in the stern sheets of a boat, he was led by an irresistible impulse to see how matters went on!

The owner of the boat was losing his money at all-fours, when John requested that he might play a hand or two for him; offering to abide himself by any loss during his own play. The man agreed, and John not only won back the losings, but eased his opponent of all his money. The waterman was asked to take him on board, but no promise of money could tempt him; "it was too far," and, "mayhap might never get a penny by it," "had been sarved so before," and all the host of objections, common among interested persons, were raised! At length the waterman, taking hold of John's button, drew him aside from the many who were there laughing at his misfortune, and said he had observed that in dealing there seemed to be something uncommon; besides that, "he had turned up *Jack* plaguy often;" "now, young'ne, I've a notion that didn't come by natrre, and if so be you'll shew me how to do it, I will take you aboard at all risks."

The bargain was struck; the man being instructed how to turn up *Jack*, with the aid of three of his friends sailed and rowed with such effect as to get within notice of the vessel before dark. The sails were backed, and John facetiously observed as he quitted the boat, "Now, my honest friend, you have turned up *Jack* in earnest," meaning that the waterman had fairly fulfilled his promise, by putting him (John Mordaunt) on board.

On his arrival at Madras, John was received with open arms by all his countrymen; but General Sir John Clavering, who was then commander-in-chief in India, and who was, accordingly, second in council at Calcutta, having promised to provide for him, John went on to Bengal, where he was appointed an honorary aid-du-camp to that officer, still retaining his rank on the Madras establishment, where he was afterwards subjected to much ill-will and obloquy!

He was soon found deficient even in writing a common letter; and it is really surprising, that, under the consciousness of being so very deficient in this branch, and in a circle so eminent for superior education, Mordaunt should have taken no pains to improve himself. He surpassed in almost every thing he undertook, yet, seemingly, more by intuition than by any study or effort to excel. This ignorance in writing was the more remarkable, as he generally conversed with perfect propriety; often indeed with elegance of diction, and with a precise appropriation of his words to the

the particular occasion. He spoke the Hindoo language fluently, and was a tolerable Persian scholar; yet he could not write two lines of English correctly. I once had occasion to borrow a horse from him for a day or two: he sent the animal to me with the following note:

"You may kip the hos as long as you lick."

This excellence of temper, under all the jokes to which this unhappy deficiency subjected him, was wonderful. He knew his failing, and allowed it to stand as a butt for the amusement of his friends; but was highly offended at the attempt of any one, whom he did not feel a partiality for, to excite a laugh at his expence; and, more than once, in my hearing, has astonished persons of that description into the most complete humility. Once, in particular, a very worthy young man of the name of James P——, who was rather of the more silly order of beings, thinking he could take the liberty of playing with, or rather upon him, in a large company called to Mordaunt, desiring him to say what was the Latin for a goose? The answer was briefly, "I don't know the *Latin* for it, but the *English* for it is *James P——*."

It should have been premised, that the foregoing question was put to Mordaunt, in consequence of his having, in a note sent to a person who had offended him, required "an immediate *anser* by the bearer." The gentleman addressed, wishing to terminate the matter amicably, construed the word literally, and sent a *goose* by the bearer; stating also, that he would partake of it the next day. This, to a man of Mordaunt's kidney, was the high road to reconciliation; though to nine persons in ten, and especially to those labouring under such a desperate deficiency in point of orthography, it would have appeared highly insulting!

It may readily be supposed, that Mordaunt was more ornamental than useful in General Clavering's office; however, the latter could not help esteeming him, and had he lived, would probably have effected Mordaunt's removal from the Madras to the Bengal army.—The Madras officers never failed to notice, sometimes, indeed, in rather harsh terms, the injustice of an officer being on their rolls, who never joined his regiment for nearly twenty years, and whose whole time was passed in the lap of dissipation.

Being on a party of pleasure to the northward, and near to Lucknow, the capital of Oude, and the residence of the late Nabob Vizier, Asoph ul Doulah, Mordaunt, of course, had the curiosity to see both the prince and his court. The free open temper of Asoph pleased Mordaunt, whose figure and manner made a great impression on his illustrious host. The latter was fond of hunting and shooting; to cock-fighting, indeed, he was so partial, that he has even neglected due attendance to business of importance with the several residents, while engaged in a main with his "dear friend Mordaunt," who was completely skilled in that branch of barbarity.

Though I cannot say it ever appeared to me as a very faithful resemblance, yet there is sufficient of character, and some other good points, in the portrait intended to represent Mordaunt, in the celebrated picture of the cock-pit, executed by Zoffani, while at the Nabob's court, to give some idea of the manly, dignified, and elegant

person of the subject of this memoir. He is therein represented as in the act of handing a cock, on which he bets highly, in opposition to a bird of his Highness the Nabob, who is pourtrayed, in a loose undress, on the opposite side of the pit.

The figures, however, possess some merit, from the insight they give into the open, independent, yet unassuming, air of Mordaunt, and the familiar manner in which the Nabob stooped to join in diversion with him, and, indeed, with every European gentleman who wished to partake of such amusements as characterised that weak, idle, and contemptible prince.

Mordaunt became such a favourite, that he was retained by the Vizier at his court, in capacity of aid-du-camp, though he never attended but according to his own fancy, and then, generally, either to shoot or to gamble with him. The various applications and sarcasms directed against Mordaunt, as an absentee from his corps for so many years, and at the distance of full two thousand miles, were alike disregarded by himself and by the supreme government, of which all the individuals were personally attached to him.

Mordaunt was in the receipt of a handsome salary, and possessed many distinguished privileges under the patronage of the Vizier, who often used to refer Europeans to him on occasions requiring his advice; though now and then he used to have recourse to the same excuse when he did not wish to comply. On every such occasion Mordaunt was friendly; for instance—

Mr. Zoffani, in a humorous moment, had painted the Nabob at full length, but in high caricature. The picture being at Colonel Martine's, where old Zoffani resided, and the Colonel's house being frequented by immense numbers of the natives, especially of those who, when the Nabob wanted money, took his jewels to the Colonel's to be pledged, it was not long before the prince was informed of the joke. In the first moments of irritation, he was disposed to make the painter a head shorter, and to dismiss the Colonel, who was his chief engineer, and had the charge of his arsenal; but, as nothing could be done without his "dear friend Mordaunt," a message was dispatched, requiring his immediate attendance, on "matters of the utmost importance." This being a very stale mode of summoning Mordaunt, who would attend, or rather visit, only when it pleased himself, would have probably been disregarded, had not the messenger stated that the Nabob was incensed against Martine and Zoffani.

Mordaunt found the Nabob foaming with rage, and about to proceed with a host of rabble attendants to the Colonel's: however, he got the story out of the Nabob as well as he could, and argued him into a state of calmness, sufficient to let his purpose be suspended until the next day. So soon as it could be done with safety, Mordaunt retired; and, as privately as possible, sent a note to Zoffani, with intelligence of the intended visit.

No time was lost, and the laughable caricature was in a few hours changed, by the magic pencil of Zoffani, into a superb portrait, highly ornamented, and so inimitably resemblant of the Vizier, that it has been preferred to all which have been taken at sittings. The Vizier did not fail to come, his mind

mind full of anxiety for the honour of his dignified person, attended by Mordaunt, whose feelings for his friend's fate were speedily dissipated, when, on entering the portrait-chamber, the picture in question shone forth so superbly, as to astonish the Vizier, and to sully even the splendour which his whole equipage displayed on the occasion.

Asoph was delighted, hurried the picture home, gave Zoffani ten thousand rupees for it, and ordered the person who had informed him of the *supposed* caricature, to have his nose and ears cut off.—Mordaunt, however, was equally successful in obtaining the poor fellow's pardon; and as the Nabob would not detain him as a servant, very generously made him one of his own pensioners.

At another time, the *hajam*, or barber, who cut his Excellency's hair, happened to draw blood, by going a little into the quick. This is considered as an offence of the highest atrocity; because crowned heads, throughout India, become degraded, if one drop of their blood be spilt by a barber; over whom a drawn sword is always held while performing his duty, to remind him of his fate in case of the slightest incision.

The Nabob, actuated by the common prejudice above described, had ordered the barber to be baked to death in an oven, when Mordaunt applied for his pardon.—He could only obtain it conditionally; and, to be sure, the condition was both ludicrous and whimsical. Baloons were just invented when this happened, and Colonel Martine, being very ingenious, had made one which had taken up a considerable weight for short distances.

The Nabob changed suddenly from great wrath to a sudden laugh, which continued so long as to alarm Mordaunt; whose pleasure was extreme when he heard, that, instead of being *baked*, the barber was to mount in the balloon, and to *brush* through the air, according as chance might direct him.

It was accordingly so settled; the balloon being sent off from his Highness's fore-court, the barber was carried, more dead than alive, at a prodigious rate, to Poliergurge, distant about five miles from the city of Lucknow.

To be continued.

REMARKS
ON THE
TRESPASS CAUSES TRIED AT THE HORSHAM ASSIZES.

In a Letter to the Printers of the Lewes and Brighthelmstone Journal.

GENTLEMEN, March 26, 1808.

MY name, which you will herewith receive, I trust will be sufficient authority for the insertion of the following plain statement of facts in your next Journal, on the subject of the trespass causes brought before the Court at the late Assizes at Horsham *(given in our last Number, page 278)*.

Had evidence been called in defence of the actions, the following facts would have come out, and probably have given to the business a termination different from that which the defendant experienced; and which can be attributed only to the sudden and severe illness of Colonel Hawker, which prevented his attendance at the Assizes.

A notice of trespass was served on certain Officers of the 14th Lt. Dragoons, and also on H. Bradley, their huntsman, on the 9th of November,

vember, 1807, after which no trespass was committed until the 12th of January, 1808, and the circumstances of that trespass were as under :—

Mr. Harben, who is the occupier of nearly 1000 acres of land, and the proprietor of two manors, one of them extensive, and who also lets to Mr. T. Woodhams, and Mr. Hardwick, of Alfriston, upwards of 1300 acres of land, invited a gentleman of the Weald of Sussex to bring his hounds, and have a day's sport over his estate, to partake of which the Officers of the 14th Light Dragoons, with a PART of their hounds, were also invited.

Mr. Martin, of Firle, to whose hounds Mr. Harben is a subscriber, agreed, ON THAT DAY, to hunt near Beddingham, that he might not interfere with the amusement of Mr. H. and his friends. A hare was found by Mr. Martin's hounds, which led them a long chase, and at length ran into the other two packs, that were searching for a hare; the dogs of course all joined in the hunt; and Mr. Martin expressed a wish that they might not be separated until the hare was killed, which was agreed upon; but unluckily the hare crossed the water near Alfriston, and pursued her course through the grounds of Mr. Hitchens and Mr. Woodhams. The Officers, who had notices served on them on the 9th of November, as before stated, DID NOT follow their hounds, but merely sent their huntsman to fetch them back, as soon as the hare should be killed, and for this offence Mr. Hitchens and Mr. Woodhams recovered forty shillings, damages on each action.

The Officers in question had invariably declared, that they would not sport on the lands of any gentleman in defiance; and in proof of this assertion, and of their obedience to the laws, no stronger evidence can be adduced, than their extreme forbearance, in not following their hounds under the circumstances before mentioned, and of no trespass being alledged between the 9th of November, 1807, and the 12th of January last, when Bradley, instead of committing a wanton trespass, followed his dogs from necessity, in order to bring them back, in safety, at the conclusion of the chase.

It may be further stated, that these Military Gentlemen had leave to hunt from the Earl of Chichester, the late Lord Gage, T. H. Harben, Esq. John Beau, Esq. Mr. Farncomb, of Bishopstone, and other Gentlemen.

The action brought by Mr. W. Hardwick, it is expected will be submitted to a future decision.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

MARCH 1.

THE WORLD—A NEW COMEDY,

WAS last night performed at this Theatre. It is ascribed to Mr. Kenny, and the following are the persons of the Drama:—

Cheviot	Mr. Elliston.
Echo	Mr. Bannister.
Withers	Mr. Wroughton.
Index	Mr. Matthews.
Subtle	Mr. Wewitzer.
Social	Mr. Parsor.
Loiter	Mr. De Camp.
Dauntless	Mr. Palmer.
Author	Mr. Russell.
Margin	Mr. Maddocks.
Lady Bloomfield	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Barclay	Mrs. Powell.
Eleanor Barclay	Miss Boyce.

THE

THE FABLE.

The story turns principally on the characters of Cheviot and Echo. The latter has been long kept out of the world by the partiality of parents, and at length arrives in town, in order to commence man of business, and pay his addresses to Lady Bloomfield, a young and fashionable widow, whose father, a rich merchant, had been indebted to the father of Echo for his prosperity. Young Echo, with the best natural disposition, is led to imitate every blockhead, and fall into every absurdity, in order to make a figure, and keep well with the world. With this view he has been induced to abandon Eleanor Barclay, an amiable girl, of a poor family, to whom he had been attached in the country, and whom he deserts in a state of adversity. Cheviot is a foundling, a dependent from his infancy on a Mr. Davenant, a man of fortune, in Northumberland, who has placed him, to be initiated in trade, with Subtle, a gambling and speculating merchant. The high spirit of Cheviot revolts from the practices of his preceptor, and he therefore leaves him, and becomes author, rather than resort to his protector for further assistance; Davenant having never admitted him to his presence, he disdains complaining to him, or continue to be treated as a mere object of charity. He is discovered in London by Withers, who had been his occasional visitor in the country, and being taxed by him with the restlessness of his disposition, enters into a vindication of his feelings, in which he throws some reproach on the parents who thus deserted him in a state of dependence, so repugnant to his feelings. A variety of incidents, which it is not our province to enumerate, occur, in which Cheviot engages the affections of Lady Bloomfield, and discovers Mrs. Barclay and Eleanor, whom Echo had deserted, prisoners in the King's Bench. Their rivalship, as admirers of Lady Bloomfield, brings them into contention; and Cheviot, by a strong and planned attack on the feelings of Echo, rouses him to assert an independence of sentiment, and follow the laudable impulse of his heart; in consequence of which he shakes off his unfeeling and worthless companions and advisers, and is restored to his Eleanor. Cheviot is ultimately discovered to be the son of Davenant, who, under the name of Withers, had visited him as a stranger, and who, principally to avoid the odium of the world, as he was the offspring of an illicit attachment, had never avowed him but as an object of charity. Mrs. Barclay is found to be his mother, who, since she had been seduced by Davenant, had become the wife of another. The parties all meet, and become reconciled, in the house, and through the benevolent mediation of Lady Bloomfield, to whom Cheviot, though his pride and poverty had before induced him studiously to conceal his passion, is now encouraged to avow it; and the offending parties acknowledge the evils of sacrificing their peace of mind, and the honourable dictates of conscience, to the opinion of a misjudging world.——Some other characters, and especially that of Index, (a bustling good-humoured old bachelor, who knows every thing, and every body,) are active in the business of the piece, though not intimately connected with its main purpose.

The above sketch of the fable will afford a pretty correct idea of the business of this piece, which experienced a very favourable reception

ception from one of the most crowded audiences we have seen this season. The dialogue is spirited and well written, and calculated in many parts to produce a strong impression, but at the same time it is often too much laboured and unnecessarily protracted. The characters are in general well drawn, that of Cheviot is the most prominent. The sentiments of independence and generosity which he utters are naturally introduced, and happily expressed; those common places, which often disgust in dialogue of the sententious kind, being in general successfully avoided. The character of Echo is the next in importance, and both these parts were excellently sustained by Elliston and Bannister. Some of the scenes evince a considerable knowledge of stage effect. There is one extremely diverting, where Echo repeats aloud the speech with which he intends to address Lady Bloomfield, while she, unknown to him, has entered the room, and is close at his back. There is also another very good scene in a bookseller's shop, but which it would not be easy for us to describe within the compass to which we must confine this article. One of the most striking defects of the piece is the improbability of the circumstances of the plot, which neither the skill of the author nor the fascination of the acting can disguise. There is also something very indelicate, if not immoral, in the foundation of the story. It has, however, been well contrived, that this should be kept out of sight as long as possible, and it is only in the last scene that the mind of the spectator is awakened to it.—Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Powell, and Miss Boyce, gave full effect to their respective parts, and all the other characters were remarkably well sustained. Upon the whole, this play possesses a considerable share of merit, and its announcement for repetition was received with universal applause. The prologue was spoken by De Camp, and the epilogue by Elliston. The latter is distinguished by some very happy allusions to the title of the play, which were greatly applauded.

BONIFACIO AND BRIDGETINA.

COVENT-GARDEN, MARCH 1.

A Satire on the Melo-dramatic mania of the present day, entitled as above, was produced at this Theatre last evening. The idea of this burlesque is taken from the French of Mons. Martainville; and a comic conversation, supposed to pass in the box-lobby between the Author, Box Book-keeper, and one of the audience, is introduced, by way of prelude, to inform the public what species of farce they are to expect—from this we easily anticipate a travesty after the manner of *Tom Thumb the Great*, or *Chrononhotonthologos*. The piece then commences with a beautiful view of a castle, forest, and hermitage, where Sir Hildebrand, in mock heroics, informs his confidante, Nicholas, that a sorcerer has robbed him of his daughter, his nephew, and his castle. The recovery of these, and the subjugation of the tyrant wizard, form the groundwork of the succeeding scenes, in which are presented every species of pageantry and splendor usually exhibited in pieces of a more serious nature, interspersed with robbers, enlivened with caves and spectres, and finishing with a combat and con-

conflagration. The music accompanying the action is in the same burlesque style, as are also the words of the songs. Messrs. Simmons, Farley, and Blanchard, are the heroes; Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Liston the heroines; whose tragi-comic adventures diversify the piece. The prelude and the first act were very well received; but some disapprobation was expressed during the second act; it was however given out for repetition. It is, upon the whole, very diverting, and the music and scenery are extremely beautiful. The house was quite full.

MURDER IN A DUEL.

WEXFORD ASSIZES, MARCH 28.

The King *v.* Alcock and Derenzy.

THIS morning, shortly after eleven o'clock, the Court sat, and William Congreve Alcock, and Henry Derenzy, were put to the bar; the former indicted for the Wilful Murder of John Colclough, Esq. and the latter for aiding and assisting in the committal of the said murder.

Sir Jonah Barrington, as Counsel for the Crown, stated the case. He began by suggesting the absolute necessity there was for bringing forward a prosecution in the present instance; it was, he said, most material for the satisfaction of the friends of him who had fallen, as well as for the friends of him who survived; the present case was not that of a fair duel, in consequence of a previous quarrel; quite the reverse—it was one party in the country taking away the life of a man who was beloved by an opposite party, merely for the purpose of preventing the ascendancy of that party in the country. The private enquiries of Mr. Colclough's friends convinced them that they would be deeply culpable if they did not prosecute; they were convinced that Mr. Colclough was the man insulted, and that the duel arose, not in consequence of injured honour, but from a pre-determination to carry the arbitrary views of a party into effect, at the risk of the life of one or both of the combatants.

The duel did not arise in consequence of any thing that passed in a moment of irritation, but from a very distant and stale cause; and in laying before them the circumstances, he should have occasion to draw their attention to a very remote period indeed. He then went into a statement of the different contested elections which had been within these few years in the county of Wexford. A party had grown up in the county; it had taken root there, and, like a great tree, extended its branches so completely as to cast a shadow over the entire county. Mr. Colclough, on whose character he pronounced a just eulogium, had come forward to free his native county from the bondage in which it was held; he put the axe to the branches of this great tree, and lopped them off; he put the axe to the root, but it stopped short, for when it was found that his success on the election was certain, his ruin was determined, and upon the part of the prisoner Alcock it was avowed. For this reason, and for this alone, Mr. Colclough lost his life, and it was reserved for the said county of Wexford to hold up to the United Kingdom the melancholy spectacle of their Representative being called to the bar for the murder of his fel-

low-candidate, while in the act of receiving the suffrages of his fellows.

Sir Jonah Barrington then went into a statement of the facts of the case, which were to be afterwards proved. A gentleman of the name of Pierce Newton King had, he said, on the first day of the election, declared in the presence of Mr. Alcock, and being, at the time, one of his Committee, that if any man should receive the vote of the tenant of a gentleman, who did not espouse the cause of the candidate so receiving the vote, it was to be made with that candidate a personal matter, and he was to be personally liable: this principle, he said, was avowed and acted on; for when the tenants of Mrs. Chumly determined to assert their independence, and to vote for Mr. Colclough, contrary to the direction of Mrs. Chumly, Mr. Colclough was then called to the ground, and there forfeited his life because he would not give up the votes which had been so voluntarily given to him. Sir Jonah then went into a statement of many other facts, which we forbear to mention, as they afterwards appear in evidence.

William H. Carroll was then called. Witness remembers the late election for the county of Wexford. Mr. Alcock, Mr. Colclough, Colonel Ram, and Mr. Sheridan, were the candidates. Witness was agent for Mr. Colclough; was present when a duel was fought between him and Mr. Alcock, in which Mr. Colclough fell; a Mr. Perceval was second to Alcock, and Mr. H. Colclough to the deceased. Mr. Alcock wore spectacles; they appeared to be brown mounted. Heard Mr. H. Colclough strongly remonstrate against his wearing them. The first remonstrance was in Arkandrage House, while preparing the pistols, and was addressed to Mr. Perceval, Mr. King, and Mr. Derenzy. Mr. Perceval stated, that for his part he had no objection to the spectacles being taken off, but could not answer for it, and would consult Mr. Alcock. Mr. King said, he did not believe Mr. Alcock would take off his spectacles, and pledged his honour it was his decided belief Mr. Alcock could not see four yards.—Previous to this it had been agreed, that there should be no spectacles worn. After some further conversation, Mr. Henry Colclough put a stop to the discourse, by saying, that Mr. Alcock should not wear spectacles, as, on a former occasion with Sir John Newport, he had not worn them.

While the pistols were loading, the prisoner Derenzy was busy scraping the balls. The application to take off the spectacles was again made, after the ground was measured, loud enough for Mr. Alcock to hear it, but I did not hear any words immediately addressed to Mr. Alcock.

After the ground was measured, Mr. Perceval came up to Mr. H. Colclough, and told him he believed Mr. Alcock would not take off his glasses. Mr. Henry Colclough lamented it very much, and said aloud, "If you do not take off the spectacles, I withdraw the pledge I have given that there shall be no prosecution; so that if any thing unpleasant occurs, Mr. Alcock must stand the prosecution." Mr. Alcock heard this, but took no notice of it, except by bowing.—Mr. Perceval and Mr. Derenzy placed Mr. Alcock, and Mr. Henry Colclough alone placed Mr. Colclough on the ground.—Mr. Perceval gave Mr. Alcock his pistol,

pistol, and Mr. H. Colclough gave Mr. Colclough his. They were to fire after the words—" one, two," —and at " two" they were to fire.—Before the pistols were given, Mr. Derenzy not approving of the manner in which Mr. Alcock stood, made him alter his position; this was after the ground was measured. He put his side more to Mr. Colclough, and shook him by the arm. After the pistols had been given to the parties, a conversation took place who should give the signal, which ended in Mr. Colclough tossing up a dollar, and Mr. H. Colclough having won the toss, it was agreed that he should give the signal. The prisoner, Derenzy, during this conversation, was standing near Alcock, but after it was arranged, he fell back among Alcock's friends. About two minutes after, the word was given; when one was pronounced, they raised their arms, and when two, they fired. Mr. C. received the ball immediately under his right arm; he fell instantly on his back, and expired. About four hours before the duel took place, witness heard Mr. Bagnal assert to Mr. Alcock, that Mr. Colclough did not interfere with Mrs. Chumly's tenants, and if any one was to blame, it was he, Mr. Bagnal, and desiring Mr. Alcock to attach the quarrel on him. Mr. Colclough was near-sighted. He wore a glass, but witness never observed him wearing spectacles.

This witness, on his cross-examination, stated, that if the circumstance of the spectacles, with respect to which he did not wish to give an opinion, was unconnected, he thought it was a fair duel.

Mr. Bagnal Colclough was then called. He stated, that on the first day of the election he was present on the hustings, when Mr. Pierce Newton King, who was Mr. Alcock's particular friend, stated, that if any one should, during that election, dare to interfere with his tenants, or separate the interest of the landlords and tenants, he would call him personally to account for his ungentlemanlike conduct.—Witness also remembered the 30th of May, the day on which the fatal business happened; he saw Mr. Alcock that day in the Court-house, and having heard that some altercation had taken place about the tenants of Mrs. Chumly voting for Mr. Colclough, he had a conversation with Mr. Alcock on the subject, during which he pledged him his honour, that Mr. Colclough had not in the slightest degree interfered; he (the witness,) was the person, and he was ready to answer for it in five minutes. When this conversation took place, Mr. Alcok, had light-coloured spectacles on silver mounted; he also wore a brown coat, with brass buttons, a light-coloured waistcoat, and a white neckcloth. Afterwards, on the ground, Mr. Alcock wore spectacles, but they were not mounted in the same manner as those he wore when he spoke to him in the Court-house; the spectacles he wore on the ground were dark mounted, and he had then on him a black waistcoat and breeches, and a black neckcloth.

Mr. Edward Carr deposed, that on the morning of the day on which Mr. Colclough was shot, some of the tenants of Mrs. Chumly came into his booth on Mr. Colclough's tally. Shortly after, Mr. Alcock and Mr. Roper White came in, being, as he believed, sent for on the occasion, and Mr. M'Cord, a friend of the deceased, who was then at the time in their presence, asked

the tenants, if Mrs. Chumly were present, whom they would vote for? their answer was, they would vote for Mr. Colclough.

Mr. Charles Elgee was agent for Mr. Colclough; he was stationed in the tally-room of the Barony of Bantry; nineteen of the tenants of Mrs. Chumly came there on the morning of the day Mr. Colclough was killed, and offered themselves as his voters. The witness asked whether they came there with their own free will, or whether they were tampered with? They said they came with their own free will; in consequence of which he put them on the tally; afterwards in the street, he heard Mr. Alcock accuse Mr. Colclough of behaving in an unhandsome manner with the tenants, in bringing them over to his side. Mr. Colclough answered, "On my honour, I did not interfere with any gentleman's tenants, and those in particular." Mr. Alcock replied, "Either you or your agents did, and by G—d I will make it personal with you in half an hour, if they are not given up."

Mr. Dudley Colclough stated, that having heard of the quarrel, he endeavoured to reconcile matters, and for that purpose he went up to Mr. Alcock, who was in the Court-house Hall with Colonel Piggot; but Colonel Piggot, taking Mr. Alcock away, said, "Come, come, there is no use in this, the business is fixed."

Mr. Joshua Sutton was at Lady Colclough's house, when Mr. Perceval came there to know whether Mr. Colclough would give up the tenants? and the answer was, that Mr. Colclough did not interfere, but would not give up the freeholders who would vote for him. On his cross-examination, he admitted that Mr. Perceval, accompanied by Lord Valentia, came to Lady Colclough's, for the purpose of postponing the duel until after the election, but did not believe they came from Mr. Alcock.

Dr. Baxwell proved that the spectacles Mr. Alcock wore at the time of the duel were different from those he wore at any other time.

The case being here closed on the part of the Crown, Lord Valentia was sworn on the part of the prisoners. His lordship stated, that he was deputed by Mr. Alcock's committee to carry a message to Mr. Colclough, in which message, Mr. Alcock being called in, acquiesced. The purport of the message was, that they considered Mr. Alcock as the representative of the party; that they would wish therefore that the business should be postponed until after the election, and that if any loss of character resulted to Mr. Alcock, from withdrawing the challenge, they would take it on themselves. The answer given to his Lordship by Mr. Colclough's friends was, that since Mr. Alcock had committed himself so far, he must meet Mr. Colclough in half an hour.—Lord Valentia also stated, that he was on the ground when the duel took place, previous to which he met Mr. Bagnal Colclough, and having entered into conversation with him, Mr. M'Cord came up, and took Mr. Bagnal Colclough away, saying, you must not speak to Lord Valentia, lest any conciliation should take place.

Lord Valentia then underwent a long cross-examination by Sir Jonah Barrington, but nothing material came out.

Mr. William Perceval, the second of Mr. Alcock, stated, that he went three times to Mr. Colclough's, in order to see him, and have the business

business settled, but could not be allowed to see him by his friends. The proposal he had to make was, that Mr. Alcock did not want both the voices of Mrs. Chumly's tenants, but was willing they should poll for Mr. C. and Mr. A. When the witness mentioned this proposal, Mr. M'Cord said, " We must have all or none—Mr. Colclough's carriage is at the door, and they must go out."—Time and place were then fixed, and it was agreed that only three friends on each side should accompany them. Lord Valentia, Mr. Derenzy, and Mr. King, were the three that the witness took with him; several hundreds were however on the ground.

Mr. Gilbert Austin proved, that the effect of the glasses which Mr. Alcock wore on that day, on a defective eye, was, that the object is made clearer, but more defined, and that it is diminished in size and light. He did not think it rendered the hitting a distant object more secure.

Mr. Pierce King was then produced, and identified the glasses, as being the same worn by Mr. Alcock at the time of the duel. This he did by a small flaw on one of them, which he had taken particular notice of.

The evidence on the part of the prisoner was here closed, and Baron Smith commenced his charge. He stated to the jury what the line was, namely, that if, in a premeditated duel, the life of a man was lost, the survivor was guilty of murder.

The jury retired, and in about three minutes returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*, as to both.

The Court was instantly in an uproar. During the whole of the day it was crowded to an excess. The trial was not over until half past nine o'clock.

THE TWO BARONS, DUBEN AND WREDE.—A DUEL.

ON the 12th of February, a very remarkable duel was fought near the Austrian fortress of Brannau, with a publicity and solemnity we believe altogether unexampled in modern times, and which assimilates this combat to the legal and judicial duels of the feudal ages. The parties were, Baron Von Duben, formerly Swedish Minister at Vienna, and Baron Von Wrede, a General in the Bavarian service; and the occasion of it, as far as we recollect in general, was this: Some dispatches, which had been sent from Vienna to Stockholm, by the Swedish Minister, were intercepted by the French, and made public. In these, Baron Duben had reflected very severely upon the conduct of the Bavarian troops in the campaign of 1805, accusing them of surpassing even the French in acts of pillage and cruelty. This was resented as a calumny on the Bavarian military. General Wrede, as the principal officer, immediately challenged Baron Duben, with an intimation, that if he himself should fall, the Baron would be called out by the next in rank, and so on, till he was killed. The parties could not come together immediately; the respective Sovereigns both forbade their fighting; but the Swede ventured in a case of this kind to disobey, and travelled into the South of Germany to meet his enemy. But here he found that the Bavarian General had been more obedient to his master, and had, on command, neglected to attend his appointment. On this, the Minister posted the General as a coward in the public prints of Germany, about a year since; and the general opinion was of course

course in his favour. We find from the late French papers, that the duel was fought on the 12th of Feb. near Brannau, "*in the presence of a great number of the inhabitants.*" Baron Duben came from Vienna on purpose, and had been already a week there; General Wrede arrived the day before. The parties met in the village on the Bavarian side of the Inn; and after the seconds, (the English Colonel Burcke, and Count Von Rechberg) had made the arrangements, they entered the lists, *which were beset by Bavarian military*, and placed themselves at a distance of fifteen paces. Baron Duben fired, and the ball passed the right ear of his adversary. Gen. Wrede's first pistol missed fire. The Baron's second fire was equally ineffectual, the ball passing the General's breast. The General's next pistol flashed in the pan. Enraged at this repeated mischance, he drew his sword, and advanced towards the Baron; but the seconds rushed forward, and declared that the combatants had acted like men of honour, and that nothing further could or should be done. They then departed from each other in a state of perfect reconciliation.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1808.

Continued from our last Volume, page 306.

DRIVER, at Mr. W. Lee's, Leckonfield Parks, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 2gs. and 2s. 6d. —By Trentham; dam, Coquette, by Mr. Compton's Barb.

HONEYCOMB, at Ferrybridge, at 5gs.—By Drone; dam, Miss West, by Match'em, Regulus, Crab, Childers, Basto, &c.

REMEMBRANCER, at Streatlam-Castle, near Barnard-Castle, Yorkshire, at 8gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Pipator; dam, Queen Mab, by Eclipse, out of the Old Tartar Mare.

SANCHO, at Hodsack Priory, near Blyth, Nottinghamshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.——By Don Quixotte; dam, (own sister to Maid-of-all-Work) by Highflyer, out of a sister to Tandem, by Syphon.

SCAPEFIRE, at Skelton, near York, at one guinea and 2s. 6d.—By Stride; dam, Nanberry, by Ruler, Le Sang, Sampson, Old Crab.

SHUTTLE, at the same place as Hambletonian, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Young Marsk; dam by the Vauxhall-Snap; grandam, Hip, by King Herod, out of a sister to Mirza, by the Godolphin Arabian.

SIR CHARLES, at Ainderby-Steeple, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By the Arabian Selim; dam, Lavina, by King Fergus, Snap, out of Pyrrha, by Match'em.

SIR HARRY DIMSDALE, at Old Durham, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. —By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Contessina, by Young Marsk.

SIR OLIVER, at Altrincham, Cheshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—Own brother to Fyldener, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny, by Diomed.

SIR SOLOMON, at Rufford, Nottinghamshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Matron, by Florizel, out of Maiden, by Match'em.

SIR ULIC M'KILLIGUT, at Hedgeford, near Rugeley, Staffordshire, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Whiskey, out of Amelia, by Highflyer.

SORCERER,

SORCERER, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, at 15gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Trumpator, out of Young Giantess, the dam of Eleanor, Julia, Lydia, &c.

STAMFORD, at Cantley, three miles from Doncaster, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Horatia, by Eclipse, out of Countess, the dam of Delpini, &c.

STAVELEY, at Blyth, Nottinghamshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Shuttle; dam by Drone; grandam, (Trimbush's dam) by Match-'em.

STRIDE, at Snape Hall, near Beadle, Yorkshire, at 7gs. and 5s. ——By Phenomenon; dam by Goldfinder, out of Lovely, by Babram.

TEDDY THE GRINDER, at Mr. Durand's Warren, Epsom Downs, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Asparagus; dam, Stargazer, by Highflyer, out of Miss West, by Match'em.

TIMOTHY, at Moor Town, near Leeds, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Delpini, out of Cora, by Match'em.

TOTTERIDGE, at Totteridge, near Barnet, Herts, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Dungannon, out of Marcella, the grandam of Pavilion, &c.

TRAFALGAR, (late Lord Darlington's) at the same place as Sancho, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Æthe, by Young Marsk.

TRAVELLER, at Castle Howard, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Highflyer, out of a sister to Proserpine, by Herricus.

TRUMPATOR, at Newmarket, (twenty mares) at 20gs. and one guinea each.—By Conductor, out of Brunette, by Squirrel.

WALTON, at Newmarket, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.—Own brother to Ditto, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Dungannon, grandam by Prophet, out of Virago, (Saltram's dam) by Snap.

WARRIOR, at Lytham, near Preston, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Young Marsk, Match'em.

WAXY, at Newmarket, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Pot8o's; dam, Maria, by King Herod, out of Lisette, by Snap.

WHISKEY, at the same place as Sorcerer, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Saltram, out of Calash, by King Herod.

WINDLE, at Garswood, near Warrington, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—Own brother to Ashton, by Beningbrough, out of Mary-Ann, by Sir Peter Teazle, Young Marsk, Match'em.

WIRRAL, at Hooton, Cheshire, at 2gs. and 5s.—By Young Woodpecker, dam by Highflyer, out of Popinjay's dam.

WOLDSMAN, at Shipton, near York, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Young Rachel, by Volunteer, out of Rachel, by Highflyer.

YOUNG ALEXANDER, at Mr. Thomas Gamon's, Almere, near Churton, Derbyshire, at 2gs.—By Alexander, dam by Marquis, Black Jack, &c.

YOUNG ECLIPSE, at Bagshot Park, and at Mr. Haynes's Stables, in Riding-House-Lane, Cavendish-Square, London, at 2gs. and 5s.—By Young Eclipse, out of Augusta, by Old Eclipse.

YOUNG SELIM, at the same place as Sir Charles, at 5gs. and 5s. —By the Arabian Selim, out of Enterprise, by Young Marsk.

YOUNG WOODPECKER, at Jervaux Abbey, near Middleham, Yorkshire, at 5gs.—Own brother to Chanticleer, by Woodpecker; dam

dam by Eclipse, out of Rosebud, by Snap.

ZACHARIAH, at Mr. Davis's Farm, at Murton, near York, at 5gs. and 5s.—Own brother to Beningbrough.

For the Sporting Magazine.

SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF BLINDNESS IN A MARE.

THE following remarkable and perfect cure of total blindness, is extracted from vol. ii. pa. 499, of Mr. Lawrence's Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses.—Blindness is a misfortune to which horses are peculiarly liable; and as it has, with much reason, been supposed, that with proper treatment and assiduity the sight of many which become blind might be preserved, the giving as extensive publicity as possible to the following case may have beneficial effects, both with respect to a rational method of treatment, and to the avoidance of those cruel and absurd pretended remedies often recommended by the ignorant.—For the portrait of the mare, we refer our readers to vol. xxiv. p. 116.

"In 1781, my favourite brown mare had a weeping in one of her eyes, with swelling of the lids; it passed off after a while, unattended to; a short time after, the other eye was affected in the same manner. Eye-water was used, and bleeding, and the mare being wanted for a particular occasion, was physicked. The disease remitted and exacerbated alternately for a month or two, until at length it became very serious; one eye was exceedingly swollen, and opened with great difficulty, discharging a scalding serum which almost brought off the hair; the coats of the other were thickened, and looked very dull.

"By and by, the ball of the one was inflamed to the highest possible degree, and the other, although not so much inflamed, seemed to admit little or no light. There appeared a white speck upon the pupil, and several ignorant fellows who saw the mare were exceedingly desirous of having, I know not what, escharotic powders blown into the eyes, with a view of scouring off what they supposed to be films upon the external coats, not being aware that the disease was purely internal; and it is shocking to reflect upon the useless tortures the poor animal would have endured in such hands. Repellents either increased the inflammation, or had no effect at all. Nitre was given. A dose of physic checked the inflammation, but total blindness shortly followed. By the advice of my surgeon, I applied to Snape, the King's farrier, who pronounced the mare incurable. I then sent her to Layton, a very eminent farrier, at Walham Green, with my particular request that he would undertake the case, which he declined, as hopeless.

"Thus left to my own efforts, and my affections deeply interested, I was determined no exertions of either thought or care should be wanted; and luckily I was seconded by a skilful groom, a son of old Mendham, well known as a humble stable attendant at Newmarket.—It must be premised, that the mare had had a slight fit of the staggers about a year before, which had been neglected, but her eyes were of most perfect conformation, and in their natural state as clear and diaphanous as a polished mirror. After turning over all my veterinary oracles,

oracles, I formed my plan, and having previously obtained the approbation of a regular medical friend, I began my operations.

"I judged that the humours were condensed, and that topical applications were indicated to render them fluid, and fit for absorption and circulation; and that a number of drains, or issues, were immediately necessary, for the purposes of evacuation and revulsion. I supposed, right or wrong, that peculiar benefit would be derived from the proximity of the issues to the parts affected, on which particular I should, at this day, be thankful for information.

"A soft leather half-hood, with holes for the ears and eyes, was made, intended to cover and secure poultices. Five rowels were cut; one in each cheek under the ear, under the throat, in the chest, and the belly. The eyes were poulticed with hot bran, and laid, *aqua vegeto* occasionally added, a number of times during the day, and very early in the morning, poultices continually remaining upon the head: this course was sedulously observed during a month or six weeks, all which time the rowells, or most of them, were running, an opening diet and a little salts, with walking exercise. After a week, the inflammation gradually subsided, but there were no signs of returning sight until the end of a month or five weeks, when we were indulged with hope one day, and driven to despair the next; in short, the jokers were busy, but I was determined to persevere.

"We were soon after agreeably surprised with considerable amendment in one eye, and in a week or two more, the mare could endure the light with both, and saw very clearly; there still, however, continued a blue cloudiness, which was not dispersed until some months afterwards. The poultices were discontinued; but the eyes were strictly guarded from the light by the hood before mentioned, the eye-holes being filled with soft leather; nor did I expose the eyes to the light for nearly two months after the return of sight, riding the mare blinded. After the poultices, *aqua vegeto* was used twice a day, salts, and a short course of cinnabar in cordial balls. I highly enjoyed the first little journey I made without the blinds, the animal stopping a great number of times upon the road, to examine different objects, with as much curiosity as if she had entered upon a new world. Her eyes remained perfect until her death, which happened six years afterwards, from an apoplectic fit as was supposed, she being seen well in the field at night, and found dead in the morning. I tried the above method with two horses afterwards, but by no means with corresponding success; which, indeed, I did not expect, their eyes being naturally small, and of defective form.

"The conclusions to be drawn from this case are, that the grand dependence for cure is upon the timely insertion of a sufficient number of rowels, and upon keeping the eyes strictly from exposure to the light; that repellants are not always successful, but I presume more particularly indicated in weakness and dilatation of the vessels; and that purgatives may be injurious."

Mr. Lawrence afterwards repeats his cautions against the common practice of blowing powdered glass, or other corrosive articles, into the eyes of horses, or of using ointments and washes of the same nature, in

in the case of specks supposed to be situate upon the external coat; observing, page 505, "that before their use be hazarded, it should be well ascertained that the defect intended to be removed be really situate upon the outer coat of the eye; since such remedies can have no possible effect upon the internal parts, and may inflame, irritate, and torture, to no manner of purpose."

GAMING.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, FEB. 20.

Mazzinghi *v.* Stephenson.

THIS was an action for a bond debt of 73l. The execution of the bond was proved by Mr. Harwood. The defence was, that this was a gaming debt, the money had been lost at "Faro," in the house No. 40, Pall-Mall, then occupied by the plaintiff, who had had an employment in the Alien Office, but was said to have been obliged to quit the country for some political correspondence not strictly correct.

Chief Justice Mansfield, however, was of opinion, that the defence was not so clearly made out as to invalidate a bond, though there could be little doubt as to the fact in the private judgment of any person. The evidence was deficient, he observed, in two respects; 1st, as to the precise bond in question being for any gaming debt at all; and next as to the debt being contracted at the particular game called "Faro," which formed part of the defendant's plea. There was a question, whether the proof of the particular game was essential, as it was stated, in the plea. In his opinion, the plaintiff was entitled to recover, the defendant not having made good his plea. My Lord Mansfield had repeatedly said, that in cases of this kind, you should "*hit the bird in the eye.*" It was contended on the part of the defendant, that the name of the game was merely circumstantial and illustrative, and not essential. The Judge, on the other hand, thought it was part of the issue.

Verdict for the plaintiff.

A GERMAN WINTER AMUSEMENT.

TRAINEAU parties may be reckoned among the amusements of Germany. These can take place in the time of frost only, and when there is a considerable quantity of snow upon the ground.

A traineau is a machine in the shape of a horse, lion, swan, or in that of a griffin, unicorn, or in some other fanciful form, without wheels, but made below like a sledge, for the convenience of sliding over the snow. Some are gilded and otherwise ornamented, according to the whim of the proprietor. A pole stands up from one side, to which an ensign or a flag is fastened, which waves over the head of those placed in the machine. The lady, wrapped in fur, sits before, and the gentleman stands behind on a board made for that purpose.

The whole is drawn by two horses, which are either conducted by a postilion, or driven by the gentleman. The horses are gaudily ornamented, and have bells hanging from the trappings which cover them.

The party consists generally of many traineaus, each attended by

two

two or three servants on horseback with flambeaux.—This amusement is taken when it begins to grow dark: one traineau takes the lead, the rest follow at a convenient distance in a line, and drive for two or three hours through the principal streets and squares of the town. The horses go at a brisk rate; the motion of the traineau is easy and agreeable; and the bells, ensigns, and torches, make a very gay and showy appearance.

WINNERS OF THE DERBY AND OAKS' STAKES.

THE following is a complete List of the Winners of the Oaks' Stakes at Epsom since their first commencement :—

Owners.	*Winners.*	*Sires.*	*Years.*
Lord Derby's	Bridget	King Herod	1779
Mr. Douglas's	Tetotum	Match'em	1780
Lord Grosvenor's	Faith	King Herod	1781
Lord Grosvenor's	Ceres	Sweetwilliam	1782
Lord Grosvenor's	Maid of the Oaks	King Herod	1783
Mr. Burlton's	Stella	Plunder	1784
Lord Clermont's	Trifle	Justice	1785
Sir F. Standish's	Yellow Filly	Tandem	1786
Mr. Vernon's	Annette	Eclipse	1787
Lord Egremont's	Nightshade	Pot8o's	1788
Lord Egremont's	Tag	Trentham	1789
Duke of Bedford's	Hippolyta	Mercury	1790
Duke of Bedford's	Portia	Volunteer	1791
Lord Clermont's	Volante	Highflyer	1792
Duke of Bedford's	Celia	Volunteer	1793
Lord Derby's	Hermione	Sir Peter Teazle	1794
Lord Egremont's	Platina	Mercury	1795
Sir F. Standish's	Parisot	Sir Peter Teazle	1796
Lord Grosvenor's	Nikè	Alexander	1797
Mr. Durand's	Bellissima	Phenomenon	1798
Lord Grosvenor's	Bellina	Rockingham	1799
Lord Egremont's	Ephemera	Woodpecker	1800
Sir C. Bunbury's	Eleanor *	Whiskey	1801
Mr. Wastell's	Scotia	Delpini	1802
Sir T. Gascoigne's	Theophania	Delpini	1803
Duke of Grafton's	Pelisse	Whiskey	1804
Lord Grosvenor's	Meteora	Meteor	1805
Hon. B. Craven's	Bronze	Buzzard	1806
General Grosvenor's	Briseïs	Beningbrough	1807

* Eleanor won the Derby Stakes the day before.

THE following is a complete List of the Winners of the Derby Stakes at Epsom, since their first commencement:—

Owners.	*Winners.*	*Sires.*	*Years.*
Sir C. Bunbury's	Diomed	Florizel	1780
Mr. O'Kelly's	Young Eclipse	Eclipse	1781
Lord Egremont's	Assassin	Sweetbriar	1782
Mr. Parker's	Saltram	Eclipse	1783
Mr. O'Kelly's	Serjeant	Eclipse	1784
Lord Clermont's	Aimwell	Marc Antony	1785
Mr. Panton's	Noble	Highflyer	1786
Lord Derby's	Sir Peter Teazle	Highflyer	1787
His R. H. the P. of Wales's	Sir Thomas	Pontac	1788
Duke of Bedford's	Skyscraper	Highflyer	1789
Lord Grosvenor's	Rhadamanthus	Justice	1790
Duke of Bedford's	Eager	Florizel	1791
Lord Grosvenor's	John Bull	Fortitude	1792
Sir F. Poole's	Waxy	Pot8o's	1793
Lord Grosvenor's	Dædalus	Justice	1794
Sir F. Standish's	Spread Eagle	Volunteer	1795
Sir F. Standish's	Didelot	Trumpator	1796
Duke of Bedford's	Br. Colt, out of Celia's dam	Fidget	1797
Mr. Cookson's	Sir Harry	Sir Peter Teazle	1798
Sir F. Standish's	Archduke	Sir Peter Teazle	1799
Mr. Wilson's	Champion	Pot8o's	1800
Sir C. Bunbury's	Eleanor *	Whiskey	1801
Duke of Grafton's	Tyrant	Pot8o's	1802
Sir H. Williamson's	Ditto	Sir Peter Teazle	1803
Lord Egremont's	Hannibal	Driver	1804
Lord Egremont's	Cardinal Beaufort	Gohanna	1805
Lord Foley's	Paris	Sir Peter Teazle	1806
Lord Egremont's	Election	Gohanna	1807

* Eleanor won the Oaks' Stakes the next day.

REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION

ON A MONUMENT LATELY ERECTED IN HORSLEY-DOWN CHURCH, IN CUMBERLAND.

HERE lie the bodies
Of THOMAS BOND and MARY his wife.
She was Temperate, Chaste, and Charitable;
BUT
She was Proud, Peevish, and Passionate.
She was an affectionate Wife, and a tender Mother;
BUT
Her Husband and Child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,

Whilst

Whilst she received Visitors, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers,
BUT
Imprudent in her Family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding,
BUT
At home, by Ill-temper.
She was a professed enemy to Flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend;
BUT
The talents in which she principally excelled,
Were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.
She was an admirable economist,
And, without prodigality,
Dispensed plenty to every person in her Family;
BUT
Would sacrifice their eyes to a Farthing Candle.
She sometimes made her Husband happy with her good qualities;
BUT
Much more frequently miserable, with her many Failings;
Insomuch that in thirty years cohabitation he often lamented that,
maugre all her Virtues,
He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of Matrimonial Comfort.
AT LENGTH,
Finding that she had lost the affections of her Husband,
As well as the regard of her Neighbours,
Family disputes having been divulged by Servants,
She died of Vexation, July 20, 1768,
Aged 48 years.
Her worn-out Husband survived her four months and two days,
And departed this Life, Nov. 28, 1768,
In the 54th Year of his Age.

William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this Stone,
As a *Weekly Monitor* to the surviving Wives of this Parish,
That they may avoid the infamy
Of having their Memories handed down to Posterity
With a *patch-work* Character.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF PARIS DESCRIBED.

Continued from page 289 of our last Number.

OLD WOMEN AND GIRLS.

ATTEND to that girl crying till she is hoarse, "Fifty tooth-picks for two sous, *cinquante cure-dents pour deux sous!*" She sells but little of her goods; she is ugly, nobody will buy; and yet she lives. I prefer those cunning wits, whose industry speculates upon that inexhaustible fund, the curiosity of mankind.

mankind. Here stands an old woman, who reads, with a harsh voice, from a printed sheet of blotting paper, what has happened in the last sitting of the council of state. She hardly closes her mouth before her more aged neighbour opens her faded lips, pours forth a torrent of printed eloquence against the perfidy of the English; pointing, at the same time, to a wooden cut which decorates her hand-bill, and in which his Britannic majesty is very ill-treated. The droll delivery of the two old women is heard gratis, and their hand-bills cost only one sous.

Let us quit these haggard figures for your pretty round-faced wench, who has set up a table, on which stands about half a dozen of tin or plated candlesticks. She holds a woollen rag in her hand, which she dips into a red powder, and, while she rubs the candlesticks quite bright, she extols, in a mellifluous tone, and with dimples in her cheeks, the admirable qualities of her powder. She asks the bystanders for thimbles or shoe-buckles, gives them back as bright as new, and even promises to cure pimples in the face with her powder; but no one offers his face for this experiment. A merry soldier goes by, shews her a scar on his cheek, and laughing, asks whether she can remove that too? She answers, yes; and promises, for this purpose, to pay him a visit in the evening. I could wager that this girl has invented a powder which yields more profit, and costs less, than the golden powder of the famous alchymists.

A FLEA DRAWING AN ELEPHANT.

But what is that sailor doing with his microscope? where did he get this dirty instrument, patched together with wire? what does he shew through it? Nothing more or less than a flea: for this he gets one sous. Only see his neighbour, about one hundred yards farther, knows likewise how to turn trifles to the best account. The cunning dog found means to get a few sheets of the paper which painters use to draw transparencies, and now shews for one sous to the wondering crowd, how pictures can be copied with the utmost expedition.

Let us enter this booth, where the inscription announces a wonder. He who will not believe, let him come and see! What pray?—A fl ea drawing an elephant; a flea conducting a carriage with six horses carrying ladies and gentlemen; a flea on whose foot a metal ball has been fastened with a golden chain, with which he merrily leaps to and fro. All this is not fiction. A man has really taken the vast trouble to make the elephant, carriage, chains, &c. of gold so very small, and to fasten them to the flea.

TWO FLIES FIGHTING A DUEL.

But still more ludicrous and more inventive is the artist's producing two flies fighting a duel with the small sword. It is thus contrived: two flies are fastened to two needles, placed perpendicularly behind their wings, so that they keep their six legs stretched out before them. They are fixed very nearly facing each other, and a little ball of cork is then given to each of them, in which is fastened a small straw. As soon as this ball touches their feet, they endeavour to seize it to hold themselves by: on this touch the ball keeps moving backwards and forwards, and consequently the straw turns against the enemy.—Each party moving in the same manner,

manner, the two straws often clash together like two swords; and this constitutes the duel of the flies.

MECHANICAL HORSES.

Close by this fencing and hopping-room we are invited to undertake a little journey of several hundred leagues, on mechanical horses, with the great promise, that this great distance shall be travelled in a time incredibly short. Well; we laugh sarcastically, and yet enter. No sooner is the dirty curtain raised, than we are convinced, at the first look, that we see nothing before us but a kind of caroussel, remarkable only for its requiring no person to turn it; as the rider, by tightly pulling the bridle, sets the centre wheel in motion, and consequently turns himself with great velocity.

This fun costs only four sous. But that you may not throw away your money, I warn you against yonder bald-pated fellow, who has put up a large tube of paste-board, directed towards the sky, and civilly asks every body to look up. On this occasion he makes a long speech, which the crowd think very learned, about different vapours and their properties; assuring them that the glasses in his tube are so finely polished, that the vapours before it are concentrated into various extraordinary forms. It cannot be done in all weathers, but this particularly is a day to exhibit every thing in the most charming manner. I confess to you, my dear friend, that old bald-pate lately spoke so well and so ingeniously, that I suffered myself to be tempted to step before his tube. He then pulled a thread, unperceived, and a centaur passed between my eye and the ordinary window-glass, which he probably cut out of some book of prints, such as are usually manufactured at Nuremberg. I suddenly withdrew my head quite ashamed, and sneaked away to make room for another.

But why should I be ashamed, thought I, as I retired; this daily happens in my own country, where great poets and philosophers, with much bawling, hold their tubes before our eyes, promising us, God knows what wonders. We are good-natured; we look into them, and what do we behold? Some little monster of the puppet-fair.

BLIND MEN AND DOGS.

This day, my sweet friend, we pursue our excursion in dry weather. The objects will not always be of the same merry cast as before, and I will not answer for it that a tear may not now and then steal into your eye. Just by, we meet with a blind man singing his song in simple and affecting accents. Beside him lies a faithful guide, the shaggy dog, sometimes shaking his bell. Not far from him sits another blind man, who probably cannot sing: instead of singing, a kind of stage stands before him, on which several bells of various tones are suspended, which he puts in motion with threads. He does not beg aloud; but only puts his hand now and then into his hat, to try whether he can grasp the charitable token of some passing benefactor. He generally draws his hand back empty.

We do not go far, without encountering a third poor wretch bereft of the most valuable of the senses. He has an old harpsichord placed before him on the Boulevards, and is thumping a sonata with all his might. Numbers of people stop to hear his performance; but the pewter cup, fastened in front

front of his instrument, seldom resounds with the boon of pity.

We scarcely leave him, when we meet a fourth blind man endeavouring to touch the heart by means of a fiddle out of tune. He plays it walking: his dog fastened by a little chain to a button of his waistcoat, goes cautiously before him. However, I once witnessed how this poor skeleton of a dog was irresistibly tempted, by a bone which had been thrown away, to run into a corner, where his unsuspecting master was on the point of dashing against the wall all his wealth—his head and his violin. But among the many blind men who are to be met with in the streets of Paris, singing, playing, or ringing, none gather a more inquisitive crowd round them, than two men who play at piquet the live-long day; not to lose, but to win money: who, with the most wonderful discrimination, feel and name the cards, contrive to interest every one who has the least idea of the game for some minutes, and when they retire at night, are always both winners.

But let us leave these blind people, the sight of whom only dejects those possessed of vision; though the Parisians, steeled by custom, for the most part pass them with indifference. I often saw elderly women, especially in the evening, who, to judge from their baskets, were cookmaids, and who, by giving alms to the poor blind, no doubt, hoped to stifle the reproaches of their consciences for taking too large a market-penny.

MUSICIANS.

Let us rather direct our steps to yon musical artist, who by the dexterity he has acquired really deserves admiration. He alone plays a whole symphony (*concertante*) upon five instruments at once. With one hand he grasps and holds a double flageolet, whose mouthpieces he constantly moves to and fro on his lips; sometimes, too, he plays both at the same time: with the other he fingers the harp very dexterously: with one foot he beats a tabor, and with the toes of the other he rattles the castanet. It sounds very well, you hear; and the poor devil fags as hard as Mademoiselle Maillard in the great opera, dearly earning his few sous.

Don't let us pass yon harper without dropping a trifle into his plate. His execution certainly is not the most pleasing; but the poor young girl who stands by him with her eyes fixed on the ground, singing, constantly singing, is entitled to our mite, because her downcast looks seem to say: "I know very well I sing badly, but my father wants bread!" The two children, who sing a duet on the bridge, do quite the reverse. The song is intended to move the heart, and would produce that effect if the children did not squall so thoughtlessly, and look about in such an impudent manner. Their look and notes only raise the idea that they will one day become two worthless creatures.

MOVING MENDICANTS.

A group of children to whom I shall not lead you, for fear of giving you too much pain, is much more likely to excite pity. In the Rue Vivienne I have seen, for more than three weeks, yet always in the evening when it was dark, three wretched children lying in the mud. The eldest, a boy of about ten years, sat reclined against the wall, holding on his lap another wrapped in rags, three years old at farthest, and usually moaning. By his side sat or lay a third symbol of misery, about

about five years old. These children did not beg; but had the end of a tallow candle placed before them, near which, upon a rag, lay a paper with the following simple and moving inscription: "We have neither father nor mother." Few of the passengers remained unmoved, and the street being much frequented, they always obtained a rich harvest. With pleasure I remarked that the soldiers in particular gave, and gave the most. One night I found one of those people deeply affected. He wore large black whiskers, which, in wild constrast with the emotion of the muscles of his face, lighted by the glimmer of the candle, threw their shade upon a tear. He surveyed the group for some minutes in silence; the poor little wretch was just whining dolefully, because it was cold. The soldier briskly put his hand in his pocket, gave to the elder boy two pieces of silver coin (I believe two twelve-sous pieces), on condition of his carrying the child home immediately, and warming it. He repeated this condition three or four times, and made the boy as often promise to perform it. He then retired. As he turned round I accosted him.—"You certainly are a father," said I. "Oui, monsieur," answered he, rather roughly, and hastened away. I stopped some time to see whether the boy would keep his promise, and take the children home; but he did not. That the police should have suffered such a scene for so many weeks, does not please me. It seems almost impossible that the poor children should remain in health all the winter.

In Paris, beggars seldom or never ask charity. You only hear at times, Monsieur, je meurs de faim (sir, I am starving), whispered behind you. Every pauper endeavours to establish a kind of just claim to what is given him. One runs with a broom in his hand, when he sees a person crossing a dirty part of the street, and quickly sweeps away the mud; another profits of a shower, which fills the middle of the street with water, lays a plank across, and in a friendly manner helps you over. He judges who can afford to give him something by their clothes: all that he supposes to be poor he suffers to pass gratis: and if a handsome girl appear, he escorts her with the utmost gallantry.

To be continued.

BOXING.

ON Tuesday, the 5th, the long-intended matches between Dutch Sam and William Cropley, Tom Belcher and Dogherty, were to have taken place at Moulsey Hurst; a vast concourse of all descriptions arrived on the spot by the usual channels of conveyance, and by eleven o'clock a rope ring was formed, and the combatants were every moment expected to make their appearance.

The first match to be decided was that between Dutch Sam and Cropley, and their respective friends were sporting their bets freely. Mendoza was to have been second to Dutch Sam, and Harry Lee to Cropley. At this critical moment, when the spectators flattered themselves that they were on the point of reaping the reward of all their fatigue, a party of Bow-street Officers arrived, with a special warrant from the Magistrates, against Dutch Sam and Tom Belcher. These two heroes were accordingly apprised of the measure, and immediately

diately bound over to keep the peace within the four immediately surrounding counties. Jackson, one of the umpires, was the first to announce this woeful disappointment, and the melancholy news soon flew through the crowd.

In vain did some of the noble amateurs offer the combatants a full indemnification for the consequences—they feared the iron hand of justice too much to brave its terrors; they declined the offer, and the mob left the ground. The town of Little Hampton, however, was soon filled by the returning crowd, and the overflow spread itself into Twickenham.

The day, however, did not pass without some sport. Two battles took place—one was between two coal-heavers, of no note or science. The other was between Jemmy from Town and the Gipsey. They fought twenty-five rounds, at the conclusion of which victory was declared in favour of Jemmy.—There was not the least interest in these fights. None of the amateurs considered them worth their notice or attention, and they were given merely to amuse the refuse of the meeting, who were determined not to separate without some fun.

Among the most dashing amateurs on the ground were, the Earl of J. in a barouche and four; the Hon. B. C. in a barouche and four; Earl C. on horseback, &c. &c.

We were also informed, that previous to the departure of Belcher and Dockarty from Hampton, the chaises which held the pugilists and their friends met, when Dockarty accused Belcher of timidity in not facing him, whose liberty was as dear as that of any other man, and he would fight him on that spot. Belcher jumped out of the chaise, and began to strip, and Dockarty did the same, and observed, that he would fight even for a dram.

These appearances, however, ended in another disappointment, for however willing Belcher might have been to fight, Mendoza and his companions, in a *safe match*, prevented him, and the chaise was driven off, amidst more disapprobation than had been ever witnessed before.

It was appropriately observed, by a gentleman amateur, to the nobility and gentry present, that the pugilists of the day, who could make from *fifty* to *one hundred pounds* by sparring every other month, would not condescend to fight for subscription purses, if they even supposed they had a chance of being beaten.

But the disappointment of the pugilists at Moulsey Hurst was not of long duration. On Thursday, the 14th instant, the match that was fixed for the first place was positively decided on a summit, half a mile from the Rubbing-house on Epsom Downs. It would be superfluous to give any description of the perfections of Belcher in the art of boxing, his recent combats having made him universally known as a professor inferior in science, and what is technically termed *pluck*, to no one. With respect to Dogherty, his combats, although very frequent, have been with novices, and consequently he could not have acquired much fame; but his last combat with young Crib, three months since, gave proofs of improvement, and his present adversary was the nearest professor with whom he could contend, to stamp his fame with another victory. His friends had entertained sanguine hopes of his success,

success, considering Belcher as a man not likely to administer to him as much beating as he should be capable of *carrying away*, or able to *rally* successfully with him.

To describe with effect the dispositions of the *great* and *little* amateurs, and the scenes which were produced on the road to the field of combat, would be impossible; but at twelve o'clock the motley group had assembled on the Downs, and shortly after the combatants arrived at the ring, an inner one of twenty feet having been roped off to perform in.

The seconds were, Mendoza and Clark for Belcher, and Cropley and Dick Hall for Dogherty. Betting at setting-to was precisely six to four on Belcher.

THE BATTLE.

Round 1. After sparring for half a minute, each of the combatants made a hit at one instant: Belcher stopped, and his blow fell short, when they closed, after an irregular rally; they disengaged, and Belcher hit his man a slight blow at half arm, and Dogherty, attempting to return it, closed, and threw his man. Betting, the same as at the commencement.

2. Dogherty made play without ceremony, by attempting a left-handed hit at his opponent's head, but Belcher stopped it skilfully; and after Dogherty had made a rally, which did not harm his adversary, he was hit off his legs with great dexterity. Two to 1 on Belcher.

3. An exceedingly well-contested round, and all the skill and strength of the combatants was shewn. Dogherty commenced at a rally within distance with determined courage, but he had the worst of the conflict throughout, although he made some dexterous stops; but Belcher, by hitting and stopping at the same moment, had his fists, one or the other, constantly in Dogherty's face; but he was at length thrown.

4. Dogherty made a left-handed feint, when Belcher, within distance, hit him a severe facer before he recovered his guard, and for the first time commenced a furious rally, which was well opposed by Dogherty, who, however dexterously he made some stops, could plant no hits, but rather received them in a manner to have put an end to a combat with an ordinary taker. He followed Dogherty round the ring, constantly hitting him with all imaginable ease on the head only, and at length dropped him, by a blow under the right jaw. Three to 1 on Belcher.

5. Belcher hit his adversary a tremendous blow on the throat with his left hand through his guard, which left Dockarty so much abroad, that he received three others on the head, which resounded through the ring. An irregular fall closed the round.

6. Belcher hit his opponent two blows at setting to, the last of which dropped him.

7. This round was not so much in favour of Belcher as those preceding, for although he rallied his adversary, he was well stopped, and slightly hit, but Dogherty fell on one of his blows.

8. Dogherty went in very intemperately, and fought in a determined manner. Belcher's time was wholly occupied in stopping, and attempting to stop, for some blows were scientifically aimed by Dogherty, but he had lost his distance; the combatants closed, and Dogherty threw his adversary on the ropes with apparent ease. In

this round, betting was reduced to about six to four, for although Dogherty appeared much *pinked*, he was strong on his legs, and fresh, and consequently worth the risk of backing against Belcher, where stamina rendered success doubtful.

9. Although Belcher had the best of this round, he threw some hits away, and was hit himself, and after closing, he fell undermost.

10. Dogherty eagerly followed his adversary, who as cautiously retreated, to take his advantage of skill in planting hits, two of which were effectual, and Dogherty was thrown.

11. Belcher gave his adversary two other hits in the face, and both fell out of the ring.

12. Belcher performed precisely the same as in the last round, and after *jobbing* him, threw him.

13. Dogherty received a heavy fall in attempting to rally. Any odds, but no takers.

14. Belcher hit his adversary down when attempting to rally.—Five to one.

15. This round was considered decisive of victory for Belcher.—Dogherty's head was frightful in appearance, and although he seemed to maintain the same resolution as at setting-to, he had not power to place a blow. When he rallied, Belcher met him by a well-measured distance, and the goodness of the other brought a close, in which Belcher punished him by under half-arm hits, and at length dropped him from between his arms.

16 and 17. These rounds were, as usual, so much in favour of Belcher, that in the latter round, so confident was he in not giving a chance away, that he left his adversary in a feeble posture, without hitting him.

18 and 19. These rounds were also in favour of Belcher, although Dogherty had made a slight turn in the odds, by some gaiety; but it was of short duration. He stopped his adversary very cleverly, but he had not power to hit him.—Both fell in the latter round, as if weak.

To detail further particulars of this combat would be only to state, that Belcher's fists were never away from Dogherty's face, and the blows of the former were put in with as much strength as at the commencement. Dogherty was fighting under heavy hurts, as his figure demonstrated, and Belcher was amusing himself, as if sparring in the Fives Court. The 24th round reduced the battle to a certainty, notwithstanding Dogherty appeared determined not to resign till nature compelled him. In this round Belcher hit him three or four severe blows in the face, and at length, by a blow in the wind and neck at the same moment, doubled him together so scientifically, that he fell like a helpless infant. Nine other rounds were fought, in which Dogherty only faced his adversary to fall without ever being hit. Belcher threw a *summerset* at the close of the battle, which lasted thirty-five minutes, and ran to the Rubbing-house, where he was trained, without stopping to dress himself.

REMARKS.

Belcher fought this battle with more gratification to the beholders, than he had ever done in his several well-contested combats. He measured well his distance, and every hit told well. His science and courage gave him so decided an advantage from the first round, that nothing but Dogherty's determined

mined resolution could give him a chance, and that chance was in staying too long. Dogherty hits often open-handed, and measures his distance badly, but he shewed himself a real game man, labouring under these disadvantages. This match was for fifty guineas. Belcher had not even a hit which made any visible impression.

A second battle was fought for a subscription plate between Richman the black and a West countryman, who was a candidate for the list of pugilists, but who failed in his attempt. At the commencement of the battle, Richman had the worst of it, his adversary being a man of size and strength much superior to him, by going in and rallying. Richman was at a loss frequently, until the countryman, who appeared rather tired, stood and sparred with his adversary, when he met Richman's science by some severe left-handed facers, which ultimately so much displeased him, that he took Richman by the legs, and hit him over his head. There were, however, some rallying rounds, and the countryman was so full of gaiety at the commencement, that he had lost more strength in bravado to the spectators, than in hitting Richman, which occurred but seldom. The countryman shewed a little *white feather* towards the end of the battle, and prudently declined being punished much.—Tom Jones seconded the winner.—The ring was well attended as usual.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL GAMESTER.

THE loss of four hundred pounds to one in your circumstances must have been a dreadful misfortune."

"Their loss was one of the luckiest things that ever happened to me. I was obliged to pinch so hard to make it up, that I have thought myself in affluence ever since."

"You are a philosopher, and bear misfortunes with great fortitude."

"I have hardly any to bear."

"I am surprised to hear you say so; for I have heard you lost near seven hundred pounds in the space of a month, being in a very persevering run of ill-fortune."

"Thereabout."

"And what, in the devil's name, do you call that? a man who loses such a sum must think himself very unfortunate."

"Not if he previously won it all in the course of a week's play."

"That is not the way in which men calculate their own misfortunes."

"It is the fair way, however; for the most fortunate man that ever existed will be proved to be unfortunate, if you throw out all the lucky incidents of his life, and leave the unlucky behind."

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF DITTO.

Bred by Sir H. P. Hoghton, Bart. of Walton, Lancashire, and sold to Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart.

HE was got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, (bred by his R. H. the Prince of Wales) by Dungannon; grandam,

grandam, (Grey St. George and Fancy's dam) by Prophet; great grandam, Virago, (Saltram's dam) by Snap, Regulus, out of an own sister to Black-and-all-Black, by Crab.

At Epsom, 1803, *Ditto* won the Derby Stakes of 950gs, the last mile and half, beating Sir Oliver, the brother to Stamford, Dreadnought, Discussor, and Wheatear: 7 to 4 against the brother to Stamford, and 7 to 2 against Ditto, who won very easy. At this time, his owner refused 3000gs for him.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1804, *Ditto* won the Claret Stakes of 700gs, Ditch-in, beating the brother to Stamford, and Discussor :—7 to 4 on Ditto, who won very easy.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1805, *Ditto* won the Craven Stakes of 130gs, across the Flat, beating Castrel, Agincourt, Aniseed, Dora, Quiz, Mary, Stockton, Sir Harry Dimsdale, Goosecap, and Lady Brough :—13 to 8 against Lady Brough, 7 to 2 against Ditto, and 4 to 1 against Castrel. A most excellent race between Ditto and Castrel, and won by a head. On Thursday, in the same Meeting, he was beat, (for the first time) by Sir Harry Dimsdale, same age, to whom Ditto allowed 9lb. over the B. C. At Guildford, in June, *Ditto* won the King's Plate, beating Mr. Emden's Gipsy, who was drawn after the first heat.

At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1807, *Ditto*, 8st. 10lb. received 20gs. compromise from Mr. Howorth's Hedley, 7st. Ab. Mile, 50gs. He was beat in the same Meeting, in a Handicap Stakes, won by Hippomenes. The above were the only times of his running.

Ditto is 15 hands and half high, with great bone and powers, has very superior action, free from all natural blemishes, and is perfectly sound and healthy. He was allowed to have more speed than any horse of his day.

Ditto is own brother to *Walton* and *Lancaster*.—In 1801, *Lancaster* won 50gs at York; twice 50l. and 100gs at Morpeth. In 1802, he won 50l. at Middleham; 50l. at Manchester; at York Spring Meeting, he won 200gs, beating Belleisle, and Dr. Solander :—6 to 4 against Lancaster, who was sold to John Clifton, Esq. and at Preston, in September, he won a 50l. Plate, and one of 50gs. He died of a mortification in his foot, occasioned by a prick of a thorn, in the Spring of 1803.

At Epsom, in 1802, *Walton* won 50l. beating Dotterel, Wilkes, Pacificator, and Morgan Rattler. At Newmarket Craven Meeting, in 1803, he won the third class of the Oatlands' Stakes, beating Duxbury and Eleanor. In the First Spring Meeting, he won 50l. beating Lignum-Vitæ. In the First October Meeting, he won the King's Plate, beating Orlando and Allegranti. In 1804, he won the King's Plates at Newmarket, Guildford, Salisbury, Winchester, Warwick, and Litchfield; also, 100gs at Newmarket, and 60gs at Winchester. In 1805, he won 200gs, 100gs, 50l. and a King's Plate at Newmarket; also 50l. and 60gs at Lewes. In 1806, he was a stallion at Newmarket. And in 1807, he was second to Selim for the Craven Stakes, beating Currycomb, Jerboa, Stripling, and six others.

He is now a Stallion at Mr. Perren's Stables, Newmarket, at 10gs. a mare, and half-a-guinea the groom.

FEAST OF WIT.

AT the Huntingdon Assizes, an action was tried for the recovery of the sum of 33l. for the price of three heifers. The sale took place at a public-house, and the landlady was brought up to prove the contract; and who stated to the Court, that previous to the bargain being struck, there was a good deal of "*botheration*." Mr. Serjeant Sellon, on cross-examining one of the witnessess for the defendant, said to him, "you have heard what Mrs. Bird has said about this contract, and that she says that there was a good deal of *botheration* before it was concluded; I will thank you to inform the Court what is the meaning of the word "*botheration*." "Why, Sir," says he, "it is something like what is passing between you and me.

Mr. ——, a wretched artist, telling a friend that he meant to whitewash the ceiling of his room, and then paint it—the gentleman observed, that he thought he had better paint it first, and then whitewash it!

A Quaker, a few days since, having been cited as an evidence at a Quarter Sessions, one of the Magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat? "It is a privilege," said the witness, "that the laws and liberality of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking in." "If I had it in my power," said the angry Justice, "I would have your hat *nailed* to your head." "I thought," said Obadiah, "that thou hadst given over the trade of *driving nails*."

A clown, in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. *Hodge* slung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, "D—n the *hogs* that did not *eat thee*, when thee was an *acorn*, and then I should not have had this trouble with thee."

A gentleman, a few days since, having brought an action for an assault, his servant was called as a witness to support it; who, after a few questions, observed, that he was certain if his master had not a very *thick* head, the blow which the defendant gave him would have cracked his skull.

A few days ago an undertaker was observed to shed tears at the interment of a *quack*—a friend asked him the cause of it—"Why," said he, "you see I have just buried one of my best friends."

Refinement of Language.—A match vender now calls himself a *timber* merchant; a poulterer, a *Turkey* merchant; a distiller, a *chymist*; a two-penny-post man, a *man of letters*; a grave-digger, a *banker*; a vender of old clothes, a *dealer in wall flowers*; a gardener, master of the *mint*; a barber, a dealer in *logwood shavings*, &c.

A young

A young Lady advertises, that she has had the *management* of an *old man* for some time, and that she wishes for a similar situation.

The following curious advertisement we have copied from a provincial paper:—

"Wanted, a person qualified to conduct the performances at Oversley Green Wake, near Alcester, which will be celebrated on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of April instant. It is requisite that he should have a complete knowledge of poney and donkey racing; wheelbarrow, boat, bag, cock, and pig racing; archery, single-stick, quoits, cricket, foot-ball, cocking, wrestling, bull and badger baiting, dog fighting, goose fighting, bumble puppy, &c. He must be also competent to decide in dipping, mumbling, jawing, grinning, whistling, jumping, jingling, skinning, smoking, sealing, knitting, bobbing, bowling, throwing, dancing, snuff-taking, singing, pudding-eating, &c.

Thomas Bastard, Esq. educated at Wykeham's School, admitted Fellow of New College, 1588, wrote the following Epigram on his three wives:

Though marriage by most folks be reckon'd a curse,
Three wives did I marry for better or worse;
The first for her person—the next for her purse—
And the third for a warming-pan, doctress, and nurse.

The Ghost.—The late Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell, had frequent altercations on the subject of ghosts. The Bishop was a zealous defender of their reality—the Justice somewhat sceptical. The Bishop one day met his friend, and the Justice told him, that since their late conference on the subject he had had an ocular demonstration of the existence of ghosts.—"I rejoice at your conversion (replied the Bishop); give me the circumstances that produced it, with all the particular ocular demonstration you had."—"Yes, my Lord:—As I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour, I was awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs—(Go on)—Alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain—(proceed)—and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber—(of a blue colour, was it not?)—of a pale blue; the light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern figure, who appeared as an old man of 70 years of age, arrayed in a long light-coloured rug gown, bound round with a leathern girdle, his beard thick and grisly, his hair scant and straight, his face of a dark sable hue, on his head a large fur cap, and in his hand a long staff—terror seized my whole frame—I trembled till the bed almost shook, and cold drops hung on every limb; the figure, with a slow and solemn step, stalked nearer and nearer—(Did you not speak to it? There was money hid; a murder committed, without doubt) —My Lord, I did speak to it; I adjured it, by all that is holy, to tell whence it came, and why it thus appeared—(And, in Heaven's name, what was the reply?)—It was accompanied by three strokes of his staff on the floor, so loud that they made the room ring, when, holding up his lanthorn, and holding it close to my eyes, he told me—*he was the watchman*, and came to give me notice that my street door was wide open, and, unless I arose and shut it, I might chance

chance to be robbed before morning." The Judge had no sooner concluded than the Bishop disappeared.

BRAND, in his history of Shetland, says, that in this year (1640) there were three luxuries introduced into that island; namely, soap, with which some of the Lairds had their shirts washed, pewter spoons, and coarse table-cloths.

THE following is probably as good a *punning rebus* as any that female ingenuity has lately produced:—*Quere.* "Why is *Ireland* likely to become one of the richest islands in the universe?—*Answer.* Because her capital is always *Dublin.*"

WHEN is a door not a door?—Answer—when it is a *jar.*

Why is Athens like the wick of a tallow candle?—Answer—because it is in the midst of *Greece.*

A CORRESPONDENT observes, the events of Miss Farren and Miss Brunton becoming Countesses, will animate the hopes of Misses P. T. S. &c. &c. as virtue like wine should become more valuable the longer it is kept—*should* we say, for we fear that it is not quite so much in the general *taste.* The *Derby* stakes and the *Craven* plate are gone, but there are doubtless many good *matches* yet to be won by our theatrical *fillies*, if they will be managed by prudence, and not prematurely run *out* of the *course.*

A SMART Retort.—A purse-proud fellow, who, pluming himself on his property, was rebuking an honest tradesman for not attending to him so much as he expected, saying, "Why fellow! do you know that I rise every morning worth ten thousand pounds?" "No," answered the man, archly, "I really did not exactly know, before you told me; but, by G—d, that is *all* you are worth."

THE Puff Military.—"Militia, &c.—Forty guineas bounty will be given immediately, paid to men and boys, five feet two and upwards, from eighteen to forty-five.

"Now my boys, the door is open to a service congenial to an Englishman's feelings, the old constitutional force of the country, short in its duration, limited in its operation, with ample provision for the wives and families of the married men, and a glorious opportunity for the dashing and aspiring single hero, clothed in his scarlet and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, to *brush* (run away) with a rich heiress, or get *swished* (married) to some buxom widow, and seal his happiness for ever. Rouse then from your lethargies, shake off the galling yoke, fly from your moping pestilential employment, breathe the fragrant air, and it will not only add a cubit to your stature, but add twenty years to your natural lives!!!"

A FOREIGNER says, that *old maids* in England are buried in *crab-tree*, cowards in *trembling* aspin, the honest tar in sturdy *oak*, and bruisers in *box-wood.*

AN actor of Manchester, lately performing *Careless*, in the *School for Scandal*, said to *Charles*, in the picture scene, (according to the text)—"What shall we do for a hammer?" A carpenter in the gallery, happening to have one stuck in his apron string, threw it on the stage, saying, "Now, go on, my lad, there's a hammer for you."

Clerical Arithmetic.——A gentleman has made the following calculation—thirty Welsh curates make one rector; ten rectors one pluralist; five pluralists one dean; two deans one bishop.

Mr. Caleb Whitefoord was at an entertainment, in which Madeira of a fine flavour was plentifully served during dinner. After dinner a bottle of Cape wine was introduced—so excellent, that the company gave several hints that another bottle would be very gratifying. The hint was not taken: on which Mr. W. said, "Well, if we cannot *double the Cape*, we must return to *Maderia*."

A certain Quack Doctor being indisposed, sent for a physician, who expressed some surprise at being called in on so trifling an occasion:—"Not so *trifling*, neither (said he) for, by mistake, I have taken some of my own cordial!"

A German Journalist observes, that the sale of *Divinity* at the last Leispic book-fair was *dull*, and that books of *Physic* were a mere *drug*.

The Frenchman who has taken out a patent for *allaying storms*, says, the discovery will be of the utmost importance to many families.

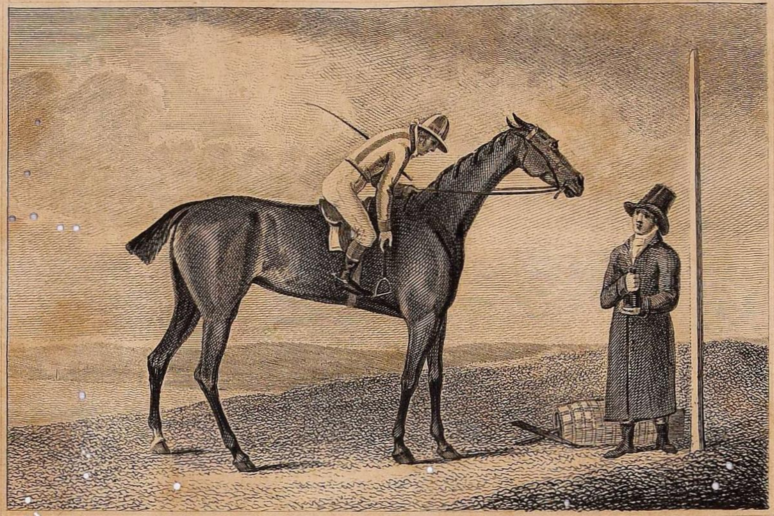
A modern Tourist says, "they make as good *Cheshire*-cheese in Ireland at present as in *any other* part of England!"

A country gentleman a few days since asked his son, who was at college, what was meant by a *Bachelor of Arts?*—"One (said the student) who *woos* the Arts, but never weds them!"

The Constable hoaxed.—The Constable of Wolverhampton, when taking down the names for the late militia ballot, called at the house of an old man, named Thomas Evans, who kept an ass to carry coals from the pit for sale; and enquiring of his wife, a very deaf old woman, if she had a son, she answered, through mistaking the question, "*Hey! what do you say?—There's our Tommy*," the name by which they called the ass. The Constable asked her how old *Tommy* was? She replied about *twenty*; the name of *Tommy Evans* was put in the list; and so it happened that *Tommy* was drawn.—When the Constable went to serve the summons, saying *he had a bit of paper for Tommy*, the old woman said he was in the garden, and shewed the place where he was feeding. The Peace-officer's chagrin, and the merriment of the town at his expence, when the donkey was actually dressed up with the cockades of the recruits, and led through the streets, may be readily conceived.

A Yorkshire Hoax.—An advertisement lately appearing in one of the London papers for a wife, it was answered, we understand, by an arch wag from the country: and after a short correspondence, the advertiser arrived in Yorkshire, tiptoe on expectation, to meet an angel of sixteen, and a copartnership in a lucrative concern in trade. His surprise, however, may be easily judged, when it turned out that he could find no other angel than the sign of the inn where he put up, (his charming *incognita* being only *in nubibus)* and that a journey of one hundred and sixty miles to the north was the extent of his speculation!

CARAC-



ELEANOR,

Pub.d by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, May 1, 1808.

CARACTACUS;

A NEW PANTOMIME.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, APRIL 22.

THE story of Caractacus, as narrated in the annals of Tacitus, lib. xii. cap. 33—37, is shortly this: He was one of the Kings of Britain, who distinguished himself so remarkably by his skill, intrepidity, and perseverance, in defending his country against the Romans, that his fame was celebrated not only in the adjacent provinces, but in Italy, and even at Rome. The historian adds, that his name was held in considerable repute. After nine years effectual resistance, he was at last defeated, when fighting at the head of the Silures, or ancient inhabitants of South Wales, and was carried by his conqueror, Ostorius Scapula, together with his brother, wife, and daughter, prisoner to Rome. There he was shewn in triumph to the people; and while his relations seemed to sink under the weight of their misfortunes, Caractacus, still retaining a noble firmness and dignity of character, at the moment when he was exposed in public spectacle, addressed himself to the Emperor Claudius in the following terms:—"Had my moderation been equal to my birth and power, I would rather have come to this city as a friend than as a captive, and in that case you would not have disdained to enter into pacific engagements with the descendant of illustrious ancestors, and the ruler of several nations. My present lot is as humiliating to me as it is proud for you. I was in possession of men, horses, arms, and wealth—and where is the wonder that I should be unwilling to lose them?—because you wish for universal dominion, does it follow that all should voluntarily become your slaves? Had I surrendered without resistance, neither my fortune nor your glory would have been conspicuous; and oblivion would have followed on my punishment. If you spare me, I shall be an eternal monument of your clemency."—Such was the impression which this address made upon the mind of the Emperor, that he instantly granted his pardon to Caractacus and all his family.

This is the story of Caractacus, as related by Tacitus, but the *program* of the Pantomime differs materially in the exhibition, though the principle is preserved. The invasion of Great Britain is successful, our patriot-chief is made prisoner, and conducted in chains before the throne of the Roman conqueror.

This ballet, being one of the grandest that ever graced an English stage, reflects the highest honour on D'Egville's taste and genius. It is very interesting throughout; and Miss Bristow's character of Hengo was one of the most attractive and impressive we ever saw.—It was received with great applause.

ELEANOR,

From a Painting by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.

THE pedigree and performances of this celebrated mare will be given in our next Number. At present we shall only cursorily state, that Eleanor was bred by Sir C. Bunbury, got by Whiskey out of Young Giantess, and foaled in 1798. Giantess was bred by Lord Bolingbroke, foaled in 1769, got by Matchem; her dam, Molly Longlegs, by Babraham.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

NORBROOK Races, Oxon, on Wednesday the 6th instant, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, were numerously attended. We noticed the following distinguished characters in the hunt, on the Downs:—Sirs T. Mostyn, H. Peyton, and E. Lloyd; —Messrs. Whitmores, Harrison, Drakes, Dorrien, Lloyd, Peyton, Villebois, Pope, Pryce, Rush, Grey, Dolphin, Holloway, Farrel, Lawrell, &c. &c.

Mr. Weller's br. m. beat Mr. Dillon's b. m. a match for 50 guineas.

A Sweepstakes for hunters, rode by members of the hunt, three miles, was won by Mr. Dorrien's bl. h. beating two others.

The Cup given by the hunt for farmers' horses, resident within the limits of the hunt, was won at two heats by Mr. Hitchcock's horse, beating seven others.

A Sweepstakes for hacks, the property of gentlemen of the hunt, one mile heats, was won by Mr. Cope's Fly-by-night, beating Mr. Dorrien's Plenty, at three heats.

THE great main of cocks fought on Thursday and Friday, the 7th and 8th instant, at Wheatley, Oxon, was won by Berkshire as follows:

OXFORDSHIRE.	M.	B.	BERKSHIRE.	M.	B.
Thursday	2	1	Thursday	6	4
Friday	0	0	Friday	0	0

A TROTTING match for 50l. took place this month on the Romney road, between two horses, the property of Mr. —— Longley of Tenterden, and Mr. —— Hodges of Appledore, Kent; the distance three miles, which was performed in nine minutes and a half, and won by Mr. Hodges.

A RACE between Capt. Emerson and Mr. Hunt's galloway, took place on Tuesday the 12th, at Kingsweston, near Bristol, and was won hollow by Mr. Hunt. The evening's amusement terminated by a well-contested boxing match, of an hour and a half, for a subscription purse of ten guineas.

WE are informed that Lord Darlington's celebrated horse Haphazard, by Sir Peter, one of the best bottomed horses in the kingdom, has been purchased at 1050gs. by a farmer and breeder at Finchley; who some time ago purchased Eagle, the finest and speediest horse on the turf, at 1000 guineas. They are kept as stud horses to serve the public; and from the number of visitors they have lately had, promise to remunerate this bold farmer.

MR. Mellish has exchanged from the Prince's regiment, for a company in the 87th regiment.

IN the course of a trial at Buckingham assizes, Mr. Wilson, counsel for the plaintiff, observed to the jury, that if a horse was bought and warranted sound, but which afterwards proved unsound, it was *not* necessary (as was generally supposed) for the purchaser to *return* the horse, in order to support an action for recovery of damages for such unsoundness. He need not return the horse at all, and yet might bring

bring the action and recover damages. In this opinion, Judge Grose coincided.

Last week, a valuable mare belonging to Mr. Podmore, farmer, near Hawarden, Flintshire, was suddenly taken ill, after drinking some water in a pond, and all efforts to swallow any thing proved ineffectual. She swelled remarkably large, and lived two or three days in the most excruciating agony, when she died. On opening her, nothing was found in her bowels that could occasion her death; but on cutting open the windpipe, a large toad was discovered alive! which she is supposed to have taken into that orifice on drinking the water.

There are now living, at Barkley, in the county of Northampton, a horse and its owner, whose ages together amount to 121 years.—This aged animal was bought by the present possessor, June 29, 1769, at a village in Warwickshire, and since that time he has never used any other horse.

Malton Fair.—The show of horses of every description was uncommonly numerous, and the attendance of London dealers tolerably great; but the best horses only found ready purchasers—and even those were bought at least fifteen per cent. under last year's prices; so the London customers of these gentlemen have a right to a *similar abatement*. Horses of large size, fit for carriages, had the most ready sale.

Boxing.—A severe pugilistic contest took place on Monday, the 18th, at Braybrook, Hants, between Holden, better known by the name of the *Country Diamond*, and George Sheen, groom to Captain Strathmore, of Colney, Hants, for 100gs. Holden is a regular teacher of boxing, and has won several battles; and this contest originated in a dispute between the combatants. Sheen, although inferior to his adversary in skill, went in, rallied, and never left his man until he was hit down. Holden, on the contrary, kept his distance, and fought shy; but he grew weak after fighting forty minutes; and at this stage of the battle the groom was hideously disfigured, but he never exhibited any symptoms of weakness; and by his determined mode of fighting he won the battle in two minutes less than an hour. He never hit Holden down during the first forty minutes, but often closed, and threw him heavy falls. There were about two thousand spectators; and a liberal subscription-purse was given to the loser.

A gentleman of fortune, who, perhaps, sports as much money as any other on the turf, has booked bets on Gregson against Gully, to the amount of 5000l. The combat will take place, as is supposed, in Worcestershire, the beginning of May, play or pay. The pugilists have been in steady training upwards of two months.

Pigeon Shooting.—A match at single birds was decided lately, on Hounslow Heath, for twenty guineas, between Messrs. Holliday and King, the keeper. The parties killed six successive birds, and each missed the seventh. Holliday missed his ninth bird, which King killed, and won the match. The sportsmen next shot at sparrows, for ten guineas, which match was also won by Mr. King, who killed four from six.

A pigeon match took place on

Thursday,

Thursday, the 14th instant, at Blackheath, between Captain Johnson, of Greenwich, and a Mr. Kingston, by turning out at once two birds from a basket, and shooting at them with a double-barrelled gun; each was allowed twelve birds. The Captain killed his first two, and one each time till the sixth fire, when he again killed both birds, which gave him eight in the whole. Mr. Kingston missed his two first birds, one in the second, killed both in the third and fourth fires, one in the fifth, and one in the sixth, which gave him seven. The match was for ten guineas aside, and the Captain was declared the winner.

It is not with us to decry any species of sporting, at the same time men of honour should not be wholly indifferent from whence, and *how*, the objects of their sport are obtained; for at the last Old Bailey Sessions the following trial took place:—Jonathan Neale and Richard Norris were indicted for stealing five dozen and four pigeons, the property of W. Pope, Esq. The prosecutor, Mr. Pope, was a gentleman residing at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge; and on the morning of the 18th of March, he found that his dove-cote had been broken open, and all his pigeons stolen. It occurred to him, that as there were continual matches of pigeon-shooting at the Old Hats, a public-house on the Uxbridge road, it was probable the thieves had sold some of the pigeons at that house. He accordingly went and enquired of Mr. Fox, the landlord, if he had bought any pigeons that day? Fox immediately said that he had, and shewed him the pigeons, telling him, that he had bought them that morning of a man of the name of Neale, and by his directions a constable went in pursuit of them, and both Neale and Norris were apprehended. But the principal evidence against the prisoners was an accomplice of the name of W. Griffin, who stated, that the two prisoners and himself, on the night of the 17th of March, went to the dove-cote of Mr. Pope, and got into it by means of a ladder which they found in the orchard, and having stopped the holes with straw to prevent the flight of the pigeons, they stripped the house. The Jury found them both Guilty.

Rowing-match against Time.—On Monday, the 18th, fourteen persons (inexperienced rowers) undertook for a wager to row a six-oared boat from Boston to Lincoln, and back, a distance of seventy-two miles, in eighteen hours, which they performed two hours and three quarters within the given time.—Much money was sported on the occasion.

William Elvey has been committed to St. Dunstan's gaol, Canterbury, charged on suspicion of having, in the night of the 17th, or early on the morning of the 18th instant, broken into the stable of Mr. James Tassell, of Wye, and damaged and disfigured five of his waggon horses therein, by cutting off the hair from their manes and tails, and stealing the same.

Lesson to Poachers and Buyers of Game.—John Chapman and W. Fuller, executed at Norwich, are melancholy victims to an offence arising out of a breach of the game laws. If any man who suffers under the just judgments of English jurisprudence may be considered pitiable, these unhappy men may be said truly to have merited commiseration.

miseration. They were poachers, and in an encounter with Lord Cholmondeley's watchers, they fired upon and wounded William Bussey, the principal keeper. They were indicted under Lord Ellenborough's Act, and condemned to die. After their sentence, they conducted themselves in the most exemplary manner, and considerable efforts were made to obtain their reprieve, but without success.—We cannot avail ourselves of a more awful opportunity to impress upon the minds of the purchasers of game the miserable consequences to which they seduce their instruments, than the present. There is in the mind of man an impulse which prompts him to the pursuit of wild nature; it is one of the earliest and strongest passions. How cruel, then, is it to add the stimulus of gain to this natural temptation. The consequences of poaching are almost uniformly—disgust to honest industry—habits of intoxication and vice—disregard of the laws, arising out of this first violation—fowl-stealing, next general robbery, and, as in the above instance, not unfrequently a contemplation of murder. The cause and the effects are inseparable; and we shall rejoice if the lamentable end of these wretched men should operate as a warning to the sellers and buyers of game. It ought also to lead country gentlemen to reflect, that a too rigid enforcement of the game laws contributes, in no small degree, to the commission of this offence.

A foot-race of 100 yards, for 50 guineas, was run on Monday the 18th, in St. James's Park, between Mr. James, the Piccadilly pedestrian, and Mr. Foxall, of Carnaby Market. The match had been for some time in agitation, and there were more bets depending on the event, than is usual on such occasions. At starting, Mr. James took the lead, but the race was so well contested, that it was won only by half a yard, by Mr. Foxall. The winner weighs 16 stone, and the loser eight pounds more.

Extraordinary Walking.—It has been stated that a Mr. Paul had matched himself for 100 guineas on the first event, and 50 guineas on the second, to go from Knightsbridge to a spot near Windsor, in two hours and a half, a distance of something more than 20 miles, and to return to Knightsbridge in three hours (within twelve hours). He started at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning the 20th, and was nine miles within the first hour, and he had arrived within a mile and a half of Slough at the expiration of the second hour.—He had then two miles and three quarters to do in the other half hour, which he walked with ease. After lying on a straw bed between blankets four hours, he started on the next match, to return in three hours, but the rain fell in torrents, and he went seven miles in the first hour with an umbrella. He would in fair weather doubtless have won both matches, but on his arrival on the second, at Hounslow Heath, with wind and weather against him, he prudently resigned, but won 50 guineas by his day's fatigue.

Mr. Podgers, who engaged to walk 400 miles in eight successive days, finished his task on Tuesday the 15th inst. He started at Basingstoke, and from Hampshire walked into the counties of Wilts, Gloucester, Somerset, Sussex, and Kent, finishing at Maidstone. He weighs

weighs 14 stone, walked twelve hours each day, and slept eight. He did not appear to be in the least fatigued, at any period of his journey. He had himself betted 200 guineas on the performance.

Mr. Chapman, on Friday the 15th, concluded his pedestrian feat, of one mile an hour for 100 successive hours, near Canterbury, with great ease. Some of the latter miles he walked in thirteen minutes and a half and fourteen minutes.

During the last month, a man who is 48 years of age, and weighs near 16 stone, undertook for a wager of 20 guineas, to run 400 yards, while tied in a five bushel sack, in six minutes, in Windsor Park. He started about seven o'clock, in the Long Walk: he performed his undertaking in three minutes and forty-nine seconds, to the astonishment of several hundred spectators, who were assembled on the occasion.

The 31st ult. a walking match against time was made between Mr. John Watkins and Mr. Benjamin Brookman, both butchers, of Leadenhall Market. Mr. Brookman betted Mr. W. twenty guineas that his brother-in-law walked fifty miles in eleven hours, at one start. The pedestrian accordingly started at six o'clock in the morning, at the three-mile stone on the Lee-Bridge road, to go to the fifth mile stone and turn, amongst some thousands of spectators. He went the first six miles in one hour and one minute, and kept on till he had performed upwards of twenty-one miles in four hours and ten seconds, when a severe pain coming on in his right side, he dropped down apparently dead; upon which his friend relinquished the wager. Considerable sums were lost on the occasion, six to four being freely betted on the performance.

About a week since, a Nobleman's gamekeeper shot a hare, which on taking up he found to be very big with young, he therefore opened her with care, and drew forth two living leverets, which, on being wiped dry, skipped about the dead animal, and actually sucked her as long as warmth would admit the flow of milk, one of them died soon afterwards; but the other, we believe, is in a fair way of being reared.

On Wednesday morning, the 20th, died, in the 42d year of his age, Benjamin Burton, Esq. of Walcot, near Stamford. Some months ago, Mr. Burton fractured his scull by a fall from his horse whilst hunting: he had, however, nearly recovered from a most painfull illness, the consequence of the accident, when, venturing too ardently in pursuit of his favourite amusement, he brought on a brain fever, which terminated his life in a few days, to the infinite regret of every body who knew him.

A fine young lioness was this month landed at the Tower, as a present to his Majesty, by the Hon. Captain Paget.

The Burton Hunt Races took place the 5th instant, under the auspices of the Noble Lord of Burton, and the Stewards, Charles Chaplin, Esq. in the absence of Mr. Kent, Coningsby Sibthorpe, Esq. The weather was most unfavourable for the morning sports; but on the second day of the race, a most elegant ball and supper was given by the gentlemen of the

Hunt,

Hunt, and attended by all the beauty and fashion of Lincoln and the neighbourhood. A numerous party from Burton graced the rooms at an early hour, when the ball was opened by Lady Monson and Mr Charles Chaplin, to the tune of *The Burton Hunt*. Her Ladyship's dress was of the most magnificent kind, but nothing could equal the bewitching affability of her manners, or the beauty of her person. About two o'clock the company partook of a supper, which did high credit to the managers; after which the dancing recommenced, and continued till near seven o'clock, when all retired, gratified with their evening's entertainment.—On Wednesday last, a most splendid dinner was given by Lord Monson, to the Mayor, Corporation, and Sheriffs of Lincoln. Burton presented that most finished scene of magnificent hospitality, for which its noble possessors have been from one generation to another renowned—all was cordiality and satisfaction—and all united in admiration of that elegant mansion which has lately undergone, and is still undergoing, such judicious and tasteful improvements.

An Old Sportsman.—On the 26th of March died, in his 63d year, at the Black Jack Tavern, in Clare-Market, London, Mr. James Featchum, well known on the turf, and much respected as a very worthy, well-disposed, and inoffensive sportsman.—He was a constant attendant at the meetings at Newmarket, Epsom, York, &c. for upwards of 40 years. Dying without a will, almost suddenly, his property, which is very considerable, will be divided between his three surviving brothers.

Mr. Mellish has sold Weaver for 1000gs. to Mr. Haworth.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, Lord Lowther purchased the two favourite horses, Brainworm, by Buzzard; and Trafalgar, by Gohanna.

The Annual Easter Plate was run for on Tuesday the 19th, on Barham Downs, and won with ease by Mr. Thomas Cramp's b. h. Driver, beating Mr. John Palmer's b. m. Molly.

The following Match was made a few days ago, to be run on Monday, May 23, in the next York Spring Meeting. — Mr. Wentworth's Centurion, 8st. 4lb. agst Mr. Brandling's Smasher, 7st. 12lb. four miles, 200gs.

The following three-year old colts and fillies, got by Sir Peter Teazle, are named to run in the present year:

Duke of Hamilton's Petronius, and Peter Little.
Duke of Grafton's Vandyke.
Lord Fitzwilliam's Charcoal, and colt, out of Evelina.
Lord Stanley's Jacobus.
Lord Grosvenor's Chester; filly, out of Ibis; and filly out of Popinjay's dam.
Lord Foley's Petrowitz.
Sir F. Standish's filly, out of Eagle's dam; and filly, out of Storace.
Major Wilson's colt, out of Brown Charlotte.
Mr. Hewett's Teazle Evitch.
Mr. Sitwell's Clinker.
Mr. Bettison's filly, dam by Alfred.
Mr. Lockley's filly, out of Queen Charlotte.
Mr. Clifton's Poulton, (late Alexander the First.)
Mr. R. Benson's Dimple.

Mr. M. Benson's filly, dam by Sweetbriar.

THE following Match was made at Catterick Races, in Easter Week; to be run on the Saturday before the York August Meeting next:—Mr. W. Hutchinson's Silvio, by St. George, against Mr. J. Acred's Wansford, by Stamford, 8st. each, two miles, 200gs, h. ft.

A SINGULAR instance of canine sagacity occurred a few days since in the Thames, below Blackwall:—Mr. Turnbull, the master of a coasting trader, kept a Newfoundland dog on board. Whenever the vessel dropped anchor in the river the dog swam to shore, and generally swam on board again the same evening. Having recently attempted to get to the ship in his usual way, the tide drifted him with so much velocity that he could not reach the vessel: he was consequently forced to re-land, and to the astonishment of all who witnessed the sagacity of the animal, he went near half a mile from the spot where he had first started, up the bank, and by swimming across the stream, made an angle, which enabled him to gain the ship. The master of the dog does not say the animal is a mathematician, but he asserts, with reference to this instance of sagacity, that no Waterman on the River could have reached the ship with more judgment.

METHOD of discovering Canine Madness.—When a person has been bitten by a dog, apprehended to be mad, it commonly happens that the dog is killed before any one is assured of his condition. M. Pettitt, an eminent surgeon, of France, has discovered an expedient for putting an end to this uneasiness: He rubs the throat, teeth, and gums, of the dead dog with a piece of meat that has been dressed (taking care that there has been no blood to stain it), and then offers it to a living dog; if he refuses it with crying and howling, the dead dog was certainly mad; but, if it is well received, and eaten, there is nothing to fear.

A CORRESPONDENT complains of the obstacles thrown in the way of destroying rabbits by the new laws respecting game licences. He says, where the soil is dry and light, if these animals are suffered to abound, the mischief they do is incalculable, not only by devouring corn, turnips, clover, &c. but still more, by undermining and thereby destroying the fences, and eating down the young quick and newly-planted trees of every description; and it is well known that such is the prolific nature of the animal,* it is only by continual attention, and no inconsiderable degree of labour, that they can be prevented from swarming where they once gain a footing. Now even losing sight for a moment of the injustice of compelling a farmer to pay for a licence to kill vermin which is running his farm, it is impossible that his individual exertions, without the aid of his labourers, can subdue this enemy; from which it results that he must either take out licences for his whole household, or quietly submit to see his crop devoured and his fences destroyed.

* Naturalists have calculated that a single pair may, in four years, increase to the astonishing number of 1,274,340.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF

THE WORLD.

THE scene is clos'd—and now a pause ensues
Before your verdict saves or damns the muse;
An awful pause! for which of you can hear
That verdict giv'n, and not turn pale with fear?
When from yon roof the cloth of green shall fall,
Which from your sight divides us, surely all
Must feel their brows with Terror's dews impearl'd,
To see the curtain clos'd upon the *World!*
Yes, ladies, yes, my blood runs cold to say,
Perhaps, some few short moments roll'd away,
Perhaps those words, those dreadful words may rend
Your ears and ours—*The World is at an end!*
How shall I ward its fate? Oh, deign to hear,
Ye lovely nymphs! my suit with fav'ring ear;
For from your grateful breasts be censure hurl'd,
'Twould shock us all to hear YOU *damn the World*—
The *World*, th' adoring *World*, which joys to view,
Its brightest gems and sweetest flow'rs in YOU.
Ye thrifty fathers, who would gladly shun
The dread expences of a travelling son,
Now clear your brows, and be your purses furl'd,
Here, for six shillings, all *may see the World!*
And you, ye dashing dames! whose ruling passion
Is to collect at routs the mob of fashion,
And see all London in your chambers cramm'd,
Crush'd, crowded, squeez'd, squash'd, jolted, jostled, jamm'd,
When beau to belle, and belle to beau opposes,
The war of elbows, and the shock of noses;
Where none can tell (so close their union's grown)
Which is his neighbour's nob, or which his own,
Oh! if a crowd's your wish, to Drury-lane
Drive—nightly drive—nor fear to drive in vain
While our play lives; behold your proper sphere!
For rest assur'd, you'll say, the *World* is here.
You all, no doubt, have often sought to view,
In Fancy's glass, what the *World* thinks of *you*;
But now, we'll know, from Gallery, Boxes, Pit,
Not what it thinks of you, but what *you* think of it.
If o'er your bosoms self-love holds its sway,
You'll surely shew some mercy to this play;
Repressing hiss and hoot, and cough and groan,
For know this Drama's fate involves your own.
Then while applause our anxious doubts dispels,
Applaud ye beaus! make them applaud, ye belles!
For if with frowning faces now we sever,
We all to-night shall *leave the World for ever!*

SONG

SONG,

SUNG BY MR. MUNDEN, IN

'*TRAVELLERS IN SWISSERLAND.*'

EV'RY night (a little mellow)
Dan was thought a merry fellow;
And so frolicsome they found me,
All the lasses flock'd around me,
Jesting, joking,
Gig provoking,
While the Vicar's red nose smoking!

Then our liqu'rish lips would wag on
Cockles hot! or *blue snap-dragon!*
And of this when we'd enough,
Up we jump'd to *blindman's buff!*
That's the pastime, sure and certain,
For a kiss behind the curtain;
"Fie upon you, don't do so!
"Sure as death
"You'll stop my breath!
"Wicked creature, let me go."—
Thus our minutes pass'd away,
Sweetly as the flow'rs in May.

Then sometimes in frosty weather,
Squatting on the floor together,
Hands in busy motion gliding,
Where the funny *slipper's* sliding,
Scarce an inch of candle's burning,
While the maids the game are learning;
And, lest sland'rous tongues should wrong us,
Master making one among us:
"Have you caught it, Daniel?"—
No, Sir!
"Lasses, sit a little closer;
"Round it goes,
"Smooth your clothes;
"Kitty, don't turn in your toes!"
Thus our minutes pass'd away,
Sweetly as the flow'rs in May!

BULL-BAITING.

SEE yonder crowd assembled in the field,
With looks ferocious, and with hearts well-steel'd:
What boist'rous shouts, what blasphemies obscene,
What eager movements, urg'd with threat'ning mien,
Present the spectacle, of human kind
Devoid of feeling, destitute of mind;
With ev'ry dreadful passion rous'd to flame,
And sense of justice lost, and sense of shame.
What mighty project, cent'ring in the place,
Attracts the village rabble, vile and base,
Drains from the plough, the flail, the shop, the stall,
The idle and the drunken, one and all?
What but the pleasure cruelly to treat
A noble beast, the sire of milk and meat!
Bound by the treach'rous cowards to the stake,
His goaded sides with indignation shake.
The strong-mouth'd dogs let loose (of fiercest sort,
Train'd by their masters to the barb'rous sport)
Around the trammell'd bull they teasing ply,
Provoke his rage, and watch his vengeful eye.
Yet oft his sinewy neck and pointed horn
Throw high his puny enemies, in scorn;
Thence, sprawling on the ground, they mangled lie,
Or, dash'd to pieces, in an instant die.

Gall'd by his bonds, and worried out, at length
The fruitless toil exhausts his mighty strength;
Beset with numbers, friendless and forlorn,
His nostril pinion'd, and his dewlap torn,
He sinks confounded, groaning deep and loud,
While shouts of hellish joy inspire the crowd.

These are exploits design'd to keep alive
Our rustic mirth, and make the country thrive!
Sanction'd by law, these dastard scenes shall breed
A harden'd race, prepar'd for daring deed.
'Tis granted such amusements may impart
A love of *cruelty*, a *flinty heart*;
May make men hate their work, and join the roar
Of drunken squabblers at the ale-house door.
The Army and the Navy hence may draw
Large levies of tough boobies, rough and raw;
These may stand shooting at, though fitter far
For mutiny and plunder, than for war;
They may be marshall'd, but with whip and goad,
As stubborn asses trudge a sandy road.